A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

ON THE

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

OF

NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

Sing ye Praiſes with Underſtanding. Pſ. xlvii. 7.

Teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms and Hymns, Coloſſ. iii. 16.

——— *not with doubtful Diſputations.* Rom. xiv. 1.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Intention of the Editors of this Collection of Hymns for public worſhip has been that it ſhould contain only ſuch as are founded on the plain and generally received principles of natural and revealed religion, it being evidently the dictate of chriſtian charity that what is provided for public worſhip ſhould be as generally unexceptionable as poſſible; they have therefore carefully avoided all obſcure and controverted points with which too many publications have been loaded: — they have alſo declin'd inſerting ſuch hymns as having a reference to peculiar ſituations could not be ſuppoſed to be at any time applicable to the major part of a public aſſembly.

Of the originals contain'd in this collection the greater part conſiſt of peculiar Metres which have been but lately introduced into Pſalmody, but which it is hop'd may help to furniſh an acceptable variety.

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HYMNS
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I.

To the one only true God.

Pſalm lxxxvi. 9. 10.

I.

ETERNAL God, almighty cauſe
Of earth, and ſeas, and worlds unknown,
All things are ſubject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being firmly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt;
Controul'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

III.

To thee alone ourſelves we owe,
To thee alone our homage pay,
All other Gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

IV.

Spread thy great name thro' every land,
Each idol deity dethrone,
Let earth with all her tongues confeſs
That thou the Lord art God alone.

HYMN II.

The Eternity of God.

Pſalm xc. 2.

I.

THOU didſt, O mighty God, exiſt
Ere time began its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of ſpace.

II.

Before this ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was ſtaid,
Before the ocean's mighty ſprings
Their liquid ſtores diſplay'd;

III.

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew
To praiſe thy wond'rous name,
Thy bliſs, O ſacred Spring of Life!
And glory were the ſame.

IV.

Our father's God, our preſent good,
Be thou by us ador'd;
Succeeding ages ſtill ſhall hail
Thee Univerſal Lord.

V.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd thro' everlaſting years
Shall thy exiſtence be.

HYMN III.

The Immutability of God.

Pſalm cii. 27.

I.

ALL-pow'rful ſelf-exiſtent God,
Who doſt o'er all creation reign,
Thou wert, and art, and art to come,
Thro' all eternity the ſame.

II.

Fix'd and eternal as thy days
Each glorious attribute divine
Through ages infinite ſhall ſtill
With undiminiſh'd luſtre ſhine.

III.

Fountain of being, Source of good,
Immutable thou doſt remain,
Nor can the ſhadow of a change
Obſcure the glories of thy reign.

IV.

Sooner may nature's laws reverſe,
Revolving ſeaſons ceaſe their round,
Nor ſpring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn with rich plenty crown'd.

V.

Yon ſhining orbs forget their courſe,
The ſun his deſtin'd path forſake,
And burning deſolation mark
Amid the world his devious track.

VI.

Earth may with all her powers diſſolve,
If ſuch the great Creator's will;
But thou for ever art the ſame,
I AM is thy memorial ſtill.

HYMN IV.

The Omnipreſence of God.

Pſalm cxxxix. 1.

I.

IN all our vaſt concerns with thee,
In vain our ſouls would try
To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

II.

Thine all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
Our riſing, and our reſt;
Our public walks, our private ways,
And ſecrets of our breaſt.

III.

Our thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere our lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe we mean.

IV.

O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms we lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

V.

So let thy grace ſurround us ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard our ſouls from every ill,
Secur'd by ſovereign love.

HYMN V.

The Wiſdom of God.

Pſalm civ. 24.

I.

IN all our Maker's vaſt deſigns
Lo! his eternal wiſdom ſhines;
Through all creation ſpread abroad,
Loud it proclaims the maker God.

II.

With reverence our admiring eyes
Survey thy wonders in the ſkies;
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee,
The ſpacious earth is full of thee.

III.

Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stands thy high throne of majeſty;
Nor time nor place thy power reſtrain,
Nor bound thy univerſal reign.

IV.

Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
Our ſouls, with all the powers they boaſt,
Are in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

VI.

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What large extent, what lofty height!
Our ſouls, with all the powers they boaſt,
Are in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

V.

Lord, who can ſpeak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy wiſdom all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

HYMN VI.

The Omnipotence of God.

Pſalm cxlvii. 5.

I.

THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majeſty array'd;
His rule Omnipotence ſuſtains,
And guides the world his hands have made.

II.

Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were ſtretch'd abroad,
Thine awful throne was fix'd above;
From everlaſting thou art God.

III.

The earth, the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Were form'd by thy almighty word;
Nature exiſts through thee alone,
And men and angels own their Lord.

IV.

Infinite power, and equal ſkill,
Through worlds innumerable ſhine;
Our ſouls with awful wonder fill,
And ſpeak the architect divine.

V.

He that can daſh whōle worlds to death,
And re-inſtate them when he pleaſe,
He ſpeaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his juſt and wiſe decrees.

VI.

Secure we truſt the matchleſs ſtrength,
Great God, of thy almighty arm,
Which 'midſt the wreck of thouſand worlds
Can ſhelter us from every harm.

HYMN VII.

The Holineſs of God.

Pſalm v. 4.

I.

THOU God of perfect purity,
The glories of thy ſacred place
None without holineſs ſhall ſee,
Or ſtand approv'd before thy face.

II.

In ſouls unholy and unclean
An holy God can ne'er delight,
Nor ſhall they, while unſav'd from ſin,
Appear before thine awful ſight.

III.

But to the chaſte and pure in heart
Thy favour, Lord, thou wilt extend;
To ſuch thy bounty will impart
A rich reward that ne'er ſhall end.

IV.

The righteous God loves upright ſouls,
Whoſe thoughts and actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

V.

Thy perfect law is ever ſure,
Eternal holineſs is thine;
And, Lord, thy people ſhould be pure,
And in thy bleſt reſemblance ſhine.

HYMN VIII.

The Juſtice of God.

Pſalm cxix. 37.

I.

GREAT God, to thee, the mighty King
Whoſe ſovereign rule the world obeys,
With reverent hearts thy people bring
The tribute of their humble praiſe.

II.

The earth's great ſceptre fills thy hand,
And high enthron'd in majeſty,
Thou giveſt thence to every land
The laws of truth and equity.

III.

Unerring juſtice, Lord, is thine,
And every nation ſhall confeſs,
That thy decrees are all divine,
And all thy ways are righteouſneſs.

IV.

In judgment wiſe, thou wilt beſtow
To every ſoul its due reward;
Unceaſing joy the good ſhall know,
And live for ever with their Lord.

V.

But they who tread the ſinner's path,
And dare thy righteous laws diſown,
Shall meet with due returns from thee,
And reap the fruit which they have ſown.

HYMN IX.

The Goodneſs of God.

Pſalm cxlv. 9.

I.

O GOD, of good the unfathom'd Sea,
How vaſt the love that dwells in thee!
Its riches all our thoughts tranſcend;
No finite mind can comprehend
The length, the breadth, the depth, the height
Of love divine and infinite.

II.

Triumphant, Lord, thy goodneſs reigns
O'er all the wide celeſtial plains,
And its full ſtreams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below;
Thro' nature's works its glories ſhine;
The cares of providence are thine.

III.

Thou God of love, from thee proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Thy goodneſs crowns each opening day,
Thy wiſdom guides our doubtful way;
With joy we think on mercies paſt,
With hope we future pleaſures taſte.

IV.

O give to every human heart,
To taſte and ſee how good thou art;
Let every ſoul with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord;
How great his grace, how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praiſe.

HYMN X.

The Mercy of God.

Pſalm lxxxvi. 3.

I.

O THOU, the wretched's ſure retreat,
Who doſt their cares controul,
And with the chearful ſmile of peace
Revive the fainting ſoul!

II.

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea diſdain?
Or when did plaintive miſery ſigh,
Or ſupplicate, in vain?

III.

Whoe'er to thee for pardon ſue
In penitential tears,
Thy goodneſs calms their reſtleſs doubts,
And diſſipates their fears.

IV.

New life from thy refreſhing grace
Their ſinking hearts receive;
Thy gentleſt beſt-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

V.

From that bleſt ſource propitious hope
Appears ſerenely bright,
And ſheds her ſoft diffuſive beam
O'er ſorrow's diſmal night.

VI.

Our griefs confeſs her vital power,
And bleſs the friendly ray,
Which uſhers in the ſmiling morn
Of everlaſting day.

HYMN XI.

The Greatneſs and Majeſty of God.

Pſalm cxlv. 3.

I.

THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high,
His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty.
This wide creation roſe at his command
Built by his word, and 'ſtabliſh'd by his hand;
Long ſtood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own godhead is the firm foundation.

II.

Thro' worlds unknown his ſovereign ſway extends,
Nor ſpace nor time his boundleſs empire ends;
Jehovah reigns, unbounded, and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne;
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature
Aſpire to ſhare the praiſe of its Creator.

III.

Stedfaſt, O God, for ever ſtands thy throne,
Jehovah reigns, an univerſe alone,
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame
Collected or diffus'd, is ſtill the ſame,
He dwells within his own unfathom'd eſſence,
And fills all ſpace with his unbounded preſence.

IV.

Jehovah reigns! let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footſtool bow with holy fear;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praiſe proclaim.
Angels and men with joyful exultation
Praiſe and adore the God of your ſalvation.

HYMN XII.

God the Creator and Lord of all.

Pſalm cxlvi. 5.

I.

ALMIGHTY God! thy powerful word
From nothing all things brought:
Earth, ſeas, and ſkies, by thee, their Lord,
With ſkill divine were wrought.

II.

By thee preſerv'd, the world remains
A proof of pow'r divine;
Whatever this great whole contains,
By ſov'reign right is thine.

III.

Thou over all art Lord ſupreme,
All things from thee derive:
No creature can diſpute thy claim,
Or independent live.

IV.

To thine all-gracious pow'r we bow;
Our wills to thee reſign;
Accept the praiſe, accept the vow;
We would be ever thine.

HYMN XIII.

God the Creator of Mankind.

Pſalm cxxxix. 13.

I.

GOD of our lives, whoſe bounteous care
First gave us pow'r to move,
How ſhall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love.

II.

While void of thought and ſenſe we lay,
Duſt of our parent earth;
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.

III.

From thee our limbs their faſhion took;
And ere our life began,
Within the volume of thy book,
Were written ev'ry one.

IV.

Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfiniſh'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

V.

O may this frame, which riſing grew
Beneath thy forming hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
Whate'er thy will commands.

HYMN XIV.

To God the Creator.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wond'rous is thy name
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' all creation's frame!

II.

Nature in ev'ry dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And does a thouſand ways expreſs
Her undiſſembled praiſe.

III.

Our ſouls would riſe and ſing
Our great Creator too,
Fain would our tongues adore our King,
And pay the homage due.

IV.

Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of our days,
And oft to God our ſouls aſcend
In grateful ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN XV.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God.

Pſalm xix.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:

IV.

Whilſt all the ſtars, which round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What tho', in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtial ball,
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

VI.

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The HAND which made us is DIVINE."

HYMN XVI.

God known by his Works.

Pſalm xix.

I.

GREAT God, the heav'ns well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder ſhine,
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear
Of boundleſs pow'r and ſkill divine.

II.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence they raiſe
Our thoughts to the Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

III.

Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the journeys of the ſun,
All nature joins to ſhew thy praiſe;
Thus God in ev'ry creature ſhines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
Which ſhews thy wiſdom and thy grace.

HYMN XVII.

The Voice of Nature.

Pſalm civ. 24.

I.

THERE is a God, all nature ſpeaks,
Through earth, and air, and ſeas and ſkies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the firſt beams of morning riſe.

II.

The riſing ſun ſerenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inſcribes in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

III.

Diffuſing life, his influence ſpreads,
And health and plenty ſmile around;
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads
Are with a thouſand bleſſings crown'd.

IV.

Almighty goodneſs, power divine
The fields and verdant meads diſplay;
And bleſs the hand which made them ſhine,
With various charms profuſely gay.

V.

For man and beaſt, here, daily food
In wide diffuſive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the chryſtal flood,
In ſtreams ſweet winding, gently flows.

VI.

By cooling ſtreams, and ſoftning ſhowers,
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty ſmiling ſpread.

VII.

The flow'ry tribes, all blooming, riſe
Above the weak attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak ſweet conviction to the heart.

VIII.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confeſs the footſteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

HYMN XVIII.

The God of Nature and Providence.

Pſalm lxv.

I.

JOIN every tongue to praiſe the Lord,
All nature reſts upon his word:
His works proclaim his power divine;
O'er all the earth his glories ſhine.

II.

At his command, the morning ray
Smiles in the eaſt, and leads the day;
He guides the ſun's declining wheels
Beneath the verge of weſtern hills.

III.

Seaſons and times obey his voice,
The evening and the morn rejoice,
To ſee the earth made ſoft with ſhow'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dreſs'd in flow'rs.

IV.

'Tis from his wat'ry ſtores on high,
He gives the thirſty ground ſupply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops diſpenſe.

V.

The deſart grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the meadows yield;
The vallies ſhout with chearful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

VI.

Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine,
In all the earth thy glories ſhine;
Through every month thy gifts appear,
Great God! thy goodneſs crowns the year.

HYMN XIX.

The Providence of God in the Seaſons of the Year.

Pſalm lxv.

I.

ETERNAL ſource of every joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

II.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports and guides the whole;
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

III.

The flowery ſpring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.

IV.

Thy hand in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coaſts redundant ſtores;
And winters, ſoftened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

V.

Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening ſhade.

VI.

Here in thy houſe let incenſe riſe,
And circling Sabbaths bleſs our eyes,
Till to thoſe lofty heights we ſoar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN XX.

The Providence of God in the Seaſons of the Year.

Pſalm lxv.

I.

LET thanks to thee, all ſov'reign pow'r, ariſe,
Who fix'd the mountains, and who ſpread the ſkies;
From the glad climes, whence morn in beauty dreſt,
Forth goes rejoicing to the fartheſt weſt.

II.

On thee alone our whole dependance lies,
And thy rich mercy every want ſupplies:
O thou great author of the extended whole!
Revolving ſeaſons praiſe thee as they roll.

III.

By thee, ſpring, ſummer, autumn, winter, riſe,
Thou giv'ſt the frowning, thou the ſmiling ſkies;
By thy command the ſoft'ning ſhower diſtils,
Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills.

IV.

Then fav'ring ſun-ſhine o'er the clime extends,
And bleſt by thee the verdant blade aſcends;
Next ſpring's gay products cloath the flow'ry hills,
And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills.

V.

Then ſoon thy bounty ſwells the golden ear,
And bids the harveſt crown the fruitful year;
Thus all thy works conſpicuous worſhip raiſe,
And nature's face proclaims her Maker's praiſe.

HYMN XXI.

The Bounty of God in the Works of Creation.

Pſalm civ. 13.

I.

WE bleſs the Lord, the great, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his bleſſings from the ſkies,
And loads our days with rich ſupplies.

II.

He ſends the Sun his circuit round,
To chear the fruits and warm the ground,
In plenteous drops his genial rain
Revives the graſs and ſwells the grain.

III.

His bounteous hand, great ſpring of good,
Provides the whole creation food;
He ever gives, yet ſtill has more;
His gifts can ne'er decreaſe his ſtore.

IV.

We bleſs the Lord who reigns above,
Whoſe thoughts are kind, whoſe name is love;
Whoſe bounty thro' creation flows,
And life and bliſs on all beſtows.

V.

O let our ſouls with joy record,
The pow'r and goodneſs of the Lord;
How great his works, how kind his ways,
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

HYMN XXII.

Thanks to God for his bounteous Proviſion.

Pſalm, civ. 15.

I.

PRAISE to God, immortal praiſe
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous ſource of every joy,
Let thy praiſe our tongues employ;

II.

For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's uſe;

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow ſheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuſe;

IV.

All that ſpring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores.

V.

Theſe to thee, great God, we owe;
Source whence all our bleſſings flow;
And for theſe, our ſouls ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe.

HYMN XXIII.

The Goodneſs of God to all his Creatures.

Pſalm cxlv. 7.

I.

WE bleſs the God whoſe bounteous love
Thro' all creation flows;
Who pours his bleſſings from above,
And life and bliſs beſtows.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies,
Thro' the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And every want ſupplies.

III.

With longing eyes his creatures wait
On him for daily food,
His liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their hearts with good.

IV.

Benign Creator, bounteous Lord,
Where'ere we turn our eyes,
Fruits of thy wiſdom, power, and love,
In beauteous order riſe.

V.

Then let our chearful hearts and tongues
Proclaim the praiſe divine;
Thou, Lord, haſt given the rich increaſe,
And be the glory thine.

HYMN XXIV.

The peculiar Goodneſs of God to Mankind.

Pſalm viii.

I.

O LORD, how glorious is thy name,
Through the wide earth's extended frame!
Majeſtic glories form thy ſeat,
And heaven adores beneath thy feet.

II.

When all thy ſhining works on high
We meditate with raptur'd eye;
The ſilver moon, the ſtarry train,
Which gild the fair etherial plain:

III.

Lord, what is man, that he ſhould ſhare
Thy notice, thy indulgent care?
That man, frail child of earth, ſhould be
The favourite of the Deity?

IV.

His place, thy forming hand aſſign'd,
But juſt below th' angelic kind;
With nobleſt favours circled round,
And with diſtinguiſh'd honours crown'd,

V.

Inveſted him with power and ſway,
And bid the ſubject brutes obey;
Sovereign of all thy works below,
To him the meaner creatures bow;

VI.

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
The gliding fiſh, the flying birds;
All that the earth's wide circuit yields,
Natives of air, or ſeas, or fields.

VII.

But ſtill let man, adoring, own
That thou, O Lord, art King alone;
And through the earth's extended frame
Declare the glories of thy name.

HYMN XXV.

Praiſe to God for his wonderful Works.

Pſalm cvii. 31.

B. Bodl. No. 56

I.

YE ſons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodneſs ſound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

II.

Let the high heavens your ſongs invite,
Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light;
Where ſun, and moon, and planets roll,
And ſtars, that glow from pole to pole.

III.

Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and ſhade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fiſh, and fowl, and beaſts, and worms.

IV.

View the broad ſea's majeſtic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remoteſt nations joins,
And on each wave his goodneſs ſhines.

V.

Ye ſons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodneſs ſound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

VI.

Praiſe ye the Lord; our hearts ſhall join
In work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Our days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt.

HYMN XXVI.

The Beauties of Nature.

I.

HOW chearful along the gay meads
The daiſies and cowſlips appear;
The flocks, as they careleſly feed,
Rejoice in the ſpring of the year.

II.

The foliage that ſhades the gay bowers,
The herbage that ſprings from the clod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and fair flow'rs,
All riſe to the praiſe of our God.

III.

Shall man, the great maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove
Forbid it fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.

IV.

The God who ſuch wonders can raiſe,
For ever his name be ador'd;
Our lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe,
Our heart ſhall rejoice in the Lord.

HYMN XXVII.

The Bleſſings of Rain.

Pſalm lxv. 11.

I.

WITH ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he ſpreads his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

II.

The clouds like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command;
Their watry treaſures from the ſky,
To cheer the thirſty land.

III.

The verdant hills on every ſide,
Rejoice at falling ſhowers,
The meadows, dreſt in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

IV.

The thirſty furrows drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
His ways abound with bleſſings ſtill,
His goodneſs crowns the year.

V.

The changing wind and flying cloud
Obey his mighty word;
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

HYMN XXVIII.

The Wiſdom of God in his Works.

Pſalm iii. 2.

I.

SONGS of immortal praiſe belong
To thee, Almighty God;
To thee are due our heart, our tongue,
To ſpread thy name abroad.

II.

How great the works thy hand has wrought!
How glorious in our ſight!
And men in ev'ry age have ſought
Thy wonders with delight.

III.

How moſt exact is nature's frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
Thy counſels never change the ſcheme
Which thy firſt thoughts deſign'd.

IV.

Nature, and time, and earth, and ſkies,
Thy heav'nly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy name?

V.

To fear thy pow'r, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our race,
Who beſt obeys thy will.

HYMN XXIX.

God the Lord of Nature.

Pſalm civ.

I.

LET earth adore the ſov'reign Lord,
Whoſe glorious empire knows no bounds;
Whoſe throne, eſtabliſh'd by his word,
Eternal majeſty ſurrounds.

II.

He makes the light his royal robe,
And dazzling glories veil his ſeat;
He ſpreads heav'ns curtains round the globe,
To form his canopy of ſtate.

III.

The beams of his imperial throne
Are laid on high in liquid air;
And, when he makes his glory known,
Clouds form his bright triumphal car.

III.

He bids the ſtorms obey his word,
And wait to form his awful train;
And while the winds confeſs their lord,
Walks on their rapid wings ſerene.

IV.

Angelic hoſts, like living flame,
Around his throne with rev'rence ſtand,
Or, ſwift as thought, his will proclaim,
And execute his high command.

V.

While angels ſpread his praiſe abroad,
Let ev'ry diſtant region hear;
Let earth adore her mighty God,
And humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN XXX.

All Nations invoked to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm c.

I.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your ſov'reign King;
Serve him with chearful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory ſing.

II.

The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The ſheep that on his paſtures live.

III.

Enter his gates with ſongs of joy,
With praiſes to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

IV.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy ſure;
And the whole race of man ſhall find
His truth from age to age endure.

HYMN XXXI.

An Invocation to praiſe God our Creator.

Pſalm cxxxvi.

I.

GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſovereign King of Kings,
And be his grace ador'd.
Thy mercy, Lord, ſhall ſtill endure;
Thy grace abides for ever ſure.

II.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heavens alone.
His power and grace are ſtill the ſame,
Let endleſs praiſe exalt his name.

III.

His wiſdom form'd the ſun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon, and all the ſtars
To cheer the darkſome night.
Thy mercy, Lord, ſhall ſtill endure,
Thy grace abides for ever ſure.

IV.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
His power and grace are ſtill the ſame,
Let endleſs praiſe exalt his name.

HYMN XXXII.

An Invocation to praiſe God our Creator.

Pſalm cxxxvi.

I.

LIFT your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to our heavenly King.
Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of Gods is God ſupreme;
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

II.

He aſſerts his juſt command,
By the wonders of his hand,
He whoſe wiſdom thron'd on high,
Built the manſions of the ſky;
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

III.

He who bade the watery deep,
Under earth's foundation ſleep;
And the orbs that gild the pole,
Thro' the boundleſs æther roll;
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

IV.

Thou O Sun, whoſe powerful ray,
Rules the empire of the day,
You, O Moon and Stars, whoſe light
Gilds the darkneſs of the night;
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

V.

He with food ſuſtains, O Earth,
All who claim from thee their birth;
Yield the homage that his name
From a creature's lips may claim,
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

HYMN. XXXIII.

Praiſe to God our Creator and Preſerver.

Pſalm cxxxvi.

I.

GIVE to our God immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

II.

Give to the Lord of Lords renown,
The King of Kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure.
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

III.

He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

IV.

He fills the Sun with morning light;
And bids the Moon direct the night;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Suns and Moons ſhall be no more.

V.

Give to our God immortal praiſe,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

VI.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat.
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

HYMN XXXIV.

Praiſe to God our Creator and Preſerver.

Pſalm cxxxvi.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the univerſal King,
His truth, and power, and his ſalvation ſing;
Him God of Gods, him Lord of Lords proclaim,
Let it be known he ever reigns ſupreme.

II.

What mighty deeds have by his power been done!
Amazing wonders by his pow'r alone;
He by his wiſdom ſpread abroad the ſky,
And hung out all the ſtarry lamps on high.

III.

He bade the ſeas divide from ſolid land,
And made the earth above the waters ſtand,
He form'd the ſun to bleſs the day with light,
The moon to chear the gloomy face of night.

IV.

He for his people needful food provides,
Guards all their bleſſings, all their ſteps he guides;
Thro' ſnares and dangers ſafely leads them on
To bliſs immortal, and his heavenly throne.

HYMN XXXV.

All Nature invok'd to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

YE tribes of Adam join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe;
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the ſong.

II.

Thou ſun, with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of glittering light,
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

III.

Praiſe him ye earth-born race,
Ye natives of the ſeas,
Ye birds that wing the air,
Reſound your Maker's praiſe;
Let ſea and ſhore
Their tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay
Their Maker's pow'r.

IV.

Ye Kings and Judges fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours ſing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and ſtate,
Make you forget
His pow'r ſupreme.

V.

Virgins and youths, engage
To ſound his praiſe divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join;
Wide as he reigns
His name be ſung,
By ev'ry tongue
In endleſs ſtrains.

VI.

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love:
While earth and ſky
Attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe
His honours high.

HYMN XXXVI.

All Nature invoked to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

YE bleſs'd inhabitants of heaven,
To God be all your praiſes given;
O praiſe him in the realms that lie
Above the reach of mortal eye.

II.

Praiſe him, thou ſun, that round the pole
With reſtleſs courſe art ſeen to roll;
Ye moon and ſtars, his praiſe repeat;
Praiſe him ye heav'ns, his awful ſeat;

III.

Nor let the heavens his praiſe confine;
O all of earth the chorus join;
Ye beaſts, that range th' uncultur'd ſoil,
Or patient lend to man your toil.

IV.

Praiſe him, each bird that wings the air,
Each reptile, nurtur'd by his care;
And every wind, and every ſtorm,
That duteous his commands perform.

V.

Ye youthful bands, and virgin choir,
Each liſping babe, and hoary ſire,
Wake to his name your grateful ſongs;
To him alone all praiſe belongs.

VI.

His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
Nor higheſt heaven its limit knows;
O come, your thankful voices raiſe,
And conſecrate to him your praiſe.

HYMN XXXVII.

All Nature invok'd to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir!
That fill the realms above;
Praiſe him, who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

II.

Shine to his praiſe ye chryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes
Before your brighter God.

III.

Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
And own your borrow'd rays.

IV.

Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar,
Let wave to wave, reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

V.

Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

VI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow;
Sweet cluſters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

VII.

Thus, while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals, catch the ſound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

HYMN XXXVIII.

All Nature invoked to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

LET ev'ry creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hoſts, the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

II.

Thou ſun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights, ye heavenly flames,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe.

III.

Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in ſhow'rs or ſnow,
Ye thunders murmuring round the ſkies,
His pow'r and glory ſhow.

IV.

Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

V.

Let earth and ocean know,
They owe their Maker praiſe;
Praiſe him ye wat'ry worlds below,
Ye natives of the ſeas.

VI.

From mountains near the ſky
Let his high praiſe reſound,
From humble ſhrubs, and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

VII.

Monarchs of wide command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that ſov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours ſpring.

VIII.

United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.

HYMN XXXIX.

All Nature invoked to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

O For an hymn of univerſal praiſe!
Its Makers fame let ev'ry creature raiſe;
Ye glorious angels tune the raptur'd lay
Thro' the fair manſions of eternal day;
His praiſe let all your ſhining ranks proclaim,
And teach the diſtant worlds your Maker's name.

II.

His glorious power, O radiant ſun, diſplay
Far as thy chearing beams diffuſe the day;
Ye moon and ſtars, array'd in ſofter light,
Recount his wonders to the liſtning night;
His power, ye fair expanded ſkies, proclaim,
Whoſe word produc'd the vaſt ſtupendous frame.

III.

Let earth adore the univerſal Lord;
Thro' ev'ry land be his great name ador'd,
While loud his praiſes foaming billows roar,
And ſeas reſound his name from ſhore to ſhore;
Ye tow'ring mountains ſound his praiſe on high,
In joyful notes ye verdant vales reply.

IV.

Ye birds that high in trackleſs ether rove,
Or with ſoft muſic charm the vocal grove,
Ye beaſts who wild in ſpacious foreſts roam,
Ye gentle herds who know your peaceful home,
Declare his praiſe, whoſe ample ſtores maintain
The unnumber'd tenants of his wide domain.

V.

Ye monarchs of the earth, your Lord adore
To whom ye owe your delegated power;
Ye Judges, his impartial law revere;
Be ev'ry ſentence guided by his fear;
Let ſenate, prince, and people join to raiſe
The grateful tribute of obedient praiſe.

VI.

In life's unfolding bloom, ye young and gay,
While flow'ry pleaſures ſtrew your verdant way,
Adore the bounteous hand, which largely pours
Its ſweeteſt bleſſings on your vernal hours;
In your Creator's praiſe with duteous joy,
Your bloom of life, your active pow'rs employ.

VII.

While all creation owns his guardian care,
Superior bliſs his choſen people ſhare;
To him they gain a near acceſs, and prove
The wonders of his condeſcending love;
Let Sion with peculiar joy proclaim
The boundleſs glories of Jehovah's name.

HYMN XL.

All Nature invok'd to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis meet to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe;
Let all his works his glorious praiſe proclaim,
And men and angels bleſs his ſacred name.

II.

Thou radiant Sun! whoſe glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praiſe his name, without whoſe purer light
Thou hadſt been hid in an abyſs of night.

III.

Ye moon and planets, who diſpenſe
By God's command your influence,
Vaſt ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to each glorious frame.

IV.

Ye miſts and vapours, hail and ſnow,
And you who thro' the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds, and tempeſts, praiſe th' almighty Lord.

V.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view,
Are leſs than mole-hills ſeem to you,
Praiſe him, who did all form from chaos draw,
Him, whoſe command is univerſal law.

VI.

Praiſe him ye natives of the deep,
That in the ſea's vaſt boſom ſleep,
At his command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

VII.

Let the wide world his praiſes ſing,
From whom their various bleſſings ſpring;
Let echoing anthems make his praiſes known,
On earth his footſtool, as in heav'n his throne.

HYMN XLI.

All Nature invok'd to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

WITH grateful heart and chearful tongue
To God we raiſe the ſacred ſong,
And praiſe th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heav'n and earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe,
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

II.

Ye angels, catch the joyful ſound,
While all th' adoring throngs around,
His wond'rous mercy ſing;
Let ev'ry liſt'ning ſaint above
Wake all the tuneful ſoul of love,
And touch the ſweeteſt ſtring.

III.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vaſt abode,
Ye clouds proclaim your forming God,
Ye thunders, ſpeak his pow'r,
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King,
Th' aſtoniſh'd worlds adore.

IV.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows riſe,
To join the thunders of the ſkies,
Praiſe him who bid you roll;
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul.

V.

Wake, all ye ſoaring throngs, and ſing;
Ye chearful warblers of the ſpring,
Harmonious anthems raiſe,
To him who ſhap'd your finer mold,
Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

VI.

Let man, by nobler paſſions ſway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praiſe employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the ſound,
The gen'ral burſt of joy.

HYMN XLII.

All Nature invok'd to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

PRAISE the Lord, let praiſe employ
In his courts your ſongs of joy;
Let the ſpacious heavens around
Echo back the ſolemn ſound.

II.

Angels, your clear voices raiſe,
Him ye heavenly armies praiſe,
Sun and Moon with borrowed light,
All ye ſparkling eyes of night.

III.

Vapours, lightning, hail, and ſnow,
Storms which, where he bids you, blow.
Waters, hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, his praiſe declare;

IV.

Let the earth his praiſe reſound;
Echoing rocks, and ſeas profound,
Verdant vales, and mountains high;
Cedars tow'ring to the ſky.

V.

Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high or humble birth,
Youths and virgins flouriſhing
In the beauty of your ſpring;

VI.

All whom life and breath inſpire,
Come and join the grateful choir,
Come, and all with one accord
Join to praiſe the almighty Lord.

HYMN XLIII.

All Nature invok'd to praiſe the Creator.

Pſalm cxlviii.

I.

TO God ſupreme the ſacrifice we bring,
Let all our lips and hearts his goodneſs ſing;
With ſacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name;
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,
His bleſſings in perpetual ſhow'rs deſcending.

II.

The heaven of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
Ye ſeraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours ſound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known;
Thro' your immortal life with love encreaſing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodneſs never ceaſing.

III.

Thou earth, enlightned by his rays divine,
Pregnant with graſs, and corn, and oil and wine,
Crown'd with his goodneſs, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confeſſing,
Which thro' each heart diffuſeth ev'ry bleſſing.

IV.

His goodneſs never ends; the dawn, the ſhade,
Still ſee new bounties thro' new ſcenes diſplay'd;
Succeeding ages bleſs this ſure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God;
The deathleſs ſoul, thro' its immenſe duration,
Drinks from this ſource immortal conſolation.

V.

In your Creator's praiſe all nature join,
Angels and men in harmony combine;
While human years are meaſur'd by the ſun,
And while eternity its courſe ſhall run,
His goodneſs, in perpetual ſhow'rs deſcending,
Exalt in ſongs, and raptures never-ending.

HYMN XLIV.

Thanks to God our Preſerver.

I.

GREAT God! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks ſhall raiſe;
Inſpire our hearts to tune the ſongs
Which celebrate thy praiſe.

II.

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever preſent guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee deſcends.

IV.

Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings,
How ſweet is our repoſe;
The morning-light renews the ſprings
From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praiſe
We will employ our breath;
And, walking ſtedfaſt in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

HYMN XLV.

God our Preſerver.

Pſalm cxxi.

I.

TO God we lift our waiting eyes,
On whom our hopes depend;
The Lord, who built the earth and ſkies,
Is our almighty friend.

II.

Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he vouchſafes to keep;
His ear attends our humble call,
His eye can never ſleep.

III.

He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs,
By his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurprizing harm.

IV.

Our ſouls rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Our keeper is the Lord;
His watchful eyes employ his pow'r
For our eternal guard.

V.

No ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Without his leave can ſmite;
He ſhields our head from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night.

VI.

He guards our lives, he keeps our breath
Where thickeſt dangers come;
We ſtand ſecure from threat'ning death,
Till God command us home.

HYMN XLVI.

God the Guide of his Servants.

Pſalm xlvi.

I.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſs'd, O Lord,
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they paſs unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

III.

When, by the dreadful tempeſt borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

IV.

The ſtorm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is ſtill.

V.

In 'midſt of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodneſs we'll adore,
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

VI.

Our life, while thou preſerv'ſt that life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, when death ſhall be our doom,
Shall join our ſouls to thee.

HYMN XLVII.

Thanks for daily Protection.

I.

GREAT God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently diſtil, like early dew.

II.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command,
To thee we conſecrate our days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN XLVIII.

Thanks for Mercies, temporal and ſpiritual.

I.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought ſurveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
And bid our ſouls adore.

II.

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footſteps ſhine;
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe,
And ſpeak their ſource divine.

III.

The living tribes of countleſs forms,
In earth, and ſea, and air,
The meaneſt flies, the ſmalleſt worms,
Almighty pow'r declare.

IV.

Thy wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And, O! let man thy praiſe record,
Man, thy diſtinguiſh'd care!

V.

From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame ſuſtains.

VI.

Yet nobler favours claim his praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd,
By revelation's brighteſt rays,
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

VII.

Thy providence, his conſtant guard,
When threatening woes impend;
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours lend.

VIII.

On us that providence has ſhone
With gentle ſmiling rays;
O! let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodneſs, and thy praiſe!

HYMN XLIX.

The Advantage of Divine Revelation.

I.

WHEN Iſrael through the deſert paſs'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waſte,
And leſſen the fatigues they bore.

II.

Such is the glorious word of God;
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It ſheds a luſtre all abroad,
And points the path to bliſs and heaven.

III.

It fills the ſoul with ſweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers,
It ſets our wandering footſteps right,
Diſplays his love, and kindles ours.

IV.

Its promiſes rejoice the heart,
Its doctrines are divinely true,
Knowledge and pleaſure it imparts,
It comforts, and inſtructs us too.

V.

Ye favour'd lands, bleſs'd with this word,
Ye ſaints, who feel its ſaving power,
Unite your tongues to praiſe the Lord,
And his diſtinguiſh'd grace adore.

HYMN L.

God our Shepherd.

Pſalm xxiii.

I.

THE Lord, my ſhepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants ſupply;
In ſafety I ſhall ſtill abide
Beneath his watchful eye.

II.

Amid the verdant flowery meads
He makes my ſweet repoſe;
When pain'd with thirſt, he gently leads
Where living water flows.

III.

If from his fold I thoughtleſs ſtray,
He leads the wanderer home;
And ſhews my erring feet the way,
Where dangers cannot come.

IV.

Though haſtening to the ſilent tomb,
And death's dark ſhades appear,
Thy preſence, Lord, ſhall chear the gloom,
And baniſh every fear.

V.

No evil can my ſoul diſmay,
While I am near my God;
My comfort, my ſupport and ſtay,
Thy ſtaff and guiding rod.

VI.

Thus ſhall thy goodneſs, love, and care
Attend my future days,
And I ſhall dwell for ever near
My God, and ſing his praiſe.

HYMN LI.

God our Shepherd.

Pſalm xxiii.

I.

OUR ſhepherd is the living Lord;
Now ſhall our wants be well ſupply'd,
His providence and holy word
Becomes our ſafety and our guide.

II.

In paſtures where ſalvation grows,
He makes us feed, he makes us reſt,
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely bleſt.

III.

Our wand'ring feet his ways miſtake,
But he reſtores our ſoul to peace,
And leads us, for his mercy's ſake,
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

IV.

Tho' we walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
Our heart and hope ſhall never fail,
For God our ſhepherd's with us there.

V.

Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps,
Thou art our comfort, thou our ſtay,
Thy ſtaff ſupports our feeble ſteps,
Thy rod directs our doubtful way.

VI.

Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his houſhold all their days,
There will we dwell to hear his word,
To ſeek his face, and ſing his praiſe.

HYMN LII.

Pſalm xxiii.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd,
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

II.

He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

IV.

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear,
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' deaths dark ſhade,
My ſhepherd's with me, there.

V.

The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days,
Nor from thy houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy praiſe.

HYMN LIII.

God our Shepherd.

Pſalm xxiii.

I.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amidſt the verdant landſkip flow.

III.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy preſence ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

IV.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the diſmal ſhade.

HYMN LIV.

God our Shepherd.

Pſalm xxiii.

I.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want ſhall never more be mine;
In a paſture fair and large
He will feed his happy charge.

II.

When I faint with ſummer's heat,
He will lead my weary feet
To the ſtreams that ſtill and ſlow
Thro' the verdant meadow flow.

III.

He my ſoul a-new will frame,
And his mercy to proclaim,
When thro' devious paths I ſtray,
Teach my ſteps the better way.

IV.

Thro' the dreary vale I tread,
By the ſhades of death o'erſpread,
There I walk from terror free,
While protected, Lord, by thee.

HYMN LV.

God our Shepherd.

Pſalm xxiii.

I.

THE Lord is my ſhepherd, my guardian, and guide;
Whatſoever I want, he will kindly provide;
To the ſheep of his paſture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will ſurround;
If e'er from his fold they ſhould wander abroad,
His care will recall them, and fix their abode,
Where himſelf, in the midſt, with a provident eye,
Will regard all their wants, and provide a ſupply.

II.

The Lord is my ſhepherd, what then ſhall I fear?
What danger can frighten me while he is near?
Not when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale
Of the ſhadow of death, ſhall my heart ever fail;
Tho' afraid, of myſelf, to purſue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy ſtaff be my comfort and ſtay,
For I know, by thy guidance, when once it is paſt,
To a fountain of life it will bring me at laſt.

III.

The Lord is become my ſalvation and ſong,
His bleſſings ſhall follow me all my life long!
Whatſoever condition he places me in,
I am ſure 'tis the beſt it could ever have been;
For the Lord he is good, and his mercies are ſure;
He only afflicts us, in order to cure;
The Lord will I praiſe while I have any breath,
Be content all my life, and reſign'd in my death.

HYMN LVI.

God the Guide of the Humble.

Pſalm xxv.

I.

WHOE'ER, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide
In all his righteous ways.

II.

For God to all his ſaints
His holy will imparts,
And doth his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

III.

He thoſe in virtue guides,
Who his direction ſeek,
And in his ſacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

IV.

Thro' all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy ſhine
To thoſe who, with religious hearts,
To his bleſs'd will incline.

V.

The meek the Lord will bleſs,
And make them heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble ſouls are given.

HYMN LVII.

Creation and Providence.

Pſalm xxxiii.

I.

YE humble ſouls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praiſe becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your ſongs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

II.

Juſtice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodneſs proves,
His word the heavenly arches ſpread;
How wide they ſhine from north to ſouth!
And by the ſpirit of his mouth
Were all the ſtarry armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide flowing ſeas,
Thoſe wat'ry treaſures know their place
In the vaſt ſtorehouſe of the deep;
He ſpake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and ſeas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlaſting orders keep.

IV.

Ye that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs;
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams, or ſetting rays,
Let ev'ry tongue his pow'r confeſs.

HYMN. LVIII.

God hearing Prayer.

Tate & Brady.

Pſalm xxxiv.

I.

THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

II.

Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till all who are diſtreſs'd
From my example comfort take,
And ſooth their griefs to reſt.

III.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
To him in my diſtreſs I cry'd,
He to my reſcue came.

IV.

The hoſts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt;
His pow'rful arm protects the men
Who make his name their truſt.

V.

With grateful hearts obſerve his ways,
And on his goodneſs reſt,
So will your own experience prove
That pious ſouls are bleſt.

VI.

For while his fear inſpires your breaſt,
His mercy will be nigh,
To guard your lives from threat'ning ills,
And all your wants ſupply.

HYMN LIX.

Providence and Grace.

Pſalm xxxvi.

I.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry cloud
Which veils and darkens thy deſigns.

II.

For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Great are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep!

III.

Thy mercy makes the earth thy care,
Thy providence is kind and large;
Angels and men thy bounty ſhare,
The whole creation is thy charge.

IV.

Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance may the juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt.

V.

Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
And there enjoy a rich repaſt,
There drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys which ſhall for ever laſt.

VI.

With thee the ſprings of life remain,
Thy preſence is eternal day;
O let thy ſaints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay.

HYMN LX.

God's peculiar goodneſs to his Servants.

Pſalm xl.

I.

WITH pleaſing wonder, Lord, we view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much beſtow'd, how much reſerv'd
For thoſe who ſeek thy face.

II.

Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliſs
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner ſtore.

III.

For them rich treaſures, yet unknown,
Are ſtor'd in worlds to come;
Peaceful and pleaſant is their way,
And happy is their home.

IV.

What equal tribute can we pay?
Or how ſuch goodneſs own?
But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee
Thy ſervants hearts are known.

V.

Since time's too ſhort, O gracious God,
To utter all thy praiſe,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raiſe.

HYMN LXI.

God the Refuge of his People.

Pſalm xlvi.

I.

GOD is the refuge of his ſaints,
When ſtorms of ſharp diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him preſent with his aid.

II.

Let mountains from their ſeats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there,
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid world,
Our faith ſhall never yield to fear.

III.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry ſhore,
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling tide.

IV.

There is a ſtream, whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, ſtill gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.

V.

That ſacred ſtream, thine holy word,
Supports our hope, our fears controuls;
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.

VI.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

HYMN LXII.

The Goodneſs of God.

Pſalm lvii.

I.

BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

II.

My heart is fix'd; my tongue ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake my tongue to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

III.

In thee, my God, are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love, and grace unknown;
All the rich bleſſings nature brings,
Are gifts deſcending from thy throne.

IV.

High o'er the earth thy goodneſs reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
Thy truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

V.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN LXIII.

The God of Sion.

Pſalm lxvii.

I.

MAY God his ſav'ring ear incline,
And bid his face on Sion ſhine;
That all thy counſels, Lord, may know,
Where earth extends, or oceans flow.

II.

To thee, of life th' eternal ſpring,
Inviſible, all potent King,
One chorus let all nations raiſe,
One ſhout of univerſal praiſe.

III.

Exult each tribe, exult each land;
Heav'ns mighty Lord, with equal hand
The balance holds, and earth's domain
Shall own to lateſt age his reign.

IV.

Warm'd by his genial ſuns, the field
With full increaſe its fruits ſhall yield;
And God, thy God, O Sion, ſhed
His choiceſt bleſſings on thy head.

V.

Great God, on us thy bleſſings ſhower,
Let man's whole race revere thy power;
And, thankful, to their wond'ring eyes,
Behold thy wiſh'd ſalvation riſe.

HYMN LXIV.

The Pleaſure and Advantage of Public Worſhip.

Pſalm lxxxiv.

I.

GREAT God, attend, while Sion ſings
The joy that from thy preſence ſprings;
To ſpend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

II.

God is our ſun, he makes our day,
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without, and foes within.

III.

All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright ſouls.

IV.

Cheerful they walk, with growing ſtrength,
Till all ſhall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

HYMN LXV.

God our Protector.

Pſalm xci.

I.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And ſafe at night ſhall reſt his head.

II.

He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day,
He ſpreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The ſilent hours while nature ſleeps.

III.

Then will I ſay, My God, thy pow'r
Shall be my fortreſs and my tow'r,
I who am form'd of feeble duſt
Make thine almighty arm my truſt.

IV.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies,
Thence all her help my ſoul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.

V.

He lives, the everlaſting God,
Who built the world and ſpread the flood,
He lives, and by his heav'nly care,
Preſerves my life from every ſnare.

HYMN LXVI.

God's Power and Grace.

Pſalm xciii.

I.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal ſtate maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd,
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſovereign might,
And rays of majeſty around.

II.

Upheld by thy commands,
The earth ſecurely ſtands,
And heaven obeys thy ſovereign word;
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the ſtarry ſky,
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

III.

Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new,
There fix'd, thy church ſhall ne'er remove;
Thy ſaints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And ſing thy everlaſting love.

HYMN LXVII.

God's Truth and Equity.

Pſalm xcvi.

I.

SING to the Lord a joyful ſong,
Earth to his praiſe the note prolong
Till realms remote his acts have known,
And man's whole race his wonders own.

II.

Great is the Lord, and great his praiſe,
What God like him our fear can raiſe?
Not ſuch as heathen lands afford,
Created firſt, and then ador'd.

III.

Yield to his name the honors due,
Oft to his courts your way purſue
With grateful heart, and joyful bring
The offering to your heavenly King.

IV.

Before the beauty of his ſhrine
Ye ſaints in low proſtration join;
Ye natives of each diſtant ſhore
His power revere, his name adore.

V.

O tell to all whom earth ſuſtains,
O tell them that *Jehovah* reigns;
That all who iſſue from its womb
Shall hear from him th'unerring doom.

VI.

Exult ye heavens, exult O earth,
And, partner in the ſacred mirth,
Let ocean in its fulneſs riſe,
And thunder to the diſtant ſkies.

VII.

Rich in his gifts, ye fields, rejoice,
While in his praiſe the woods their voice
Exalt, and hail, with lowly nod,
The preſence of th' approaching God.

VIII.

He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes, to judge the world he made;
Truth ſhall with him the cauſe decide,
And equity his ſentence guide.

HYMN LXVIII.

God the ſovereign Ruler and Judge.

Pſalm xcvi.

I.

SING to the Lord a joyful ſong,
Let earth in one aſſembled throng,
Her common patron's praiſe reſound;
Sing to the Lord and bleſs his name,
From day to day his praiſe proclaim,
Who hath the world with bleſſings crown'd;
To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.

II.

Great is the Lord, his praiſe is great,
Who ſits on high enthron'd in ſtate,
To him alone let anthems riſe;
The gods the heathen world adore
In vain pretend to ſov'reign pow'r,
He only rules who made the ſkies;
With majeſty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and ſtrength his throne ſurround.

III.

Proclaim aloud, "Jehovah reigns,
"Whoſe pow'r the univerſe ſuſtains,
"And baniſh'd Juſtice will reſtore;"
Let therefore heav'n new joys confeſs,
And heav'nly mirth let earth expreſs,
Its loud applauſe the ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for his triumph find a voice.

IV.

For joy let fertile vallies ſing,
And chearful groves their tribute bring;
Let ev'ry human voice awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who will appear in awful ſtate
And thro' the earth his circuit take;
From heav'n to judge the world will come,
With juſtice to reward or doom.

HYMN LXIX.

The God of Grace and Glory.

Pſalm xcvii.

I.

TH' almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the ſky;
Tho' clouds and darkneſs veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-ſeat.

II.

O ye who love his holy name
Hate ev'ry work of ſin and ſhame;
He guards the ſouls of all his friends
And from the ſnares of ill defends.

III.

Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the ſaints in darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious ſeeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes.

IV.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holineſs.

HYMN LXX.

The Divine Goodneſs unchangeable.

Pſalm cii.

I.

THRO' endleſs years thou art the ſame,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come ſhall know thy name
And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The ſtrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchleſs ſkill was made.

III.

Soon ſhall this goodly frame of things
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be like a veſture laid aſide,
And chang'd at thy command.

IV.

But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlaſting ages ſhine
With undiminiſh'd rays.

V.

Thy ſervants children, ſtill thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To lateſt times thy favour ſhare,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

HYMN LXXI.

The Mercies of God.

Pſalm ciii.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul, awake my tongue,
My GOD demands the grateful ſong,
Let all my inmoſt pow'rs record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord.

II.

Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my ſins, allays my woes,
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with a father's love.

III.

My youth decay'd his pow'r repairs,
His hand ſuſtains my growing years,
He ſatisfies my mouth with food,
And feeds my ſoul with heav'nly good.

IV.

His mercy with unchanging rays
For ever ſhines, tho' time decays;
And children's children ſhall record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord.

V.

While all his works his praiſe proclaim,
And men and angels bleſs his name,
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the ſacred ſong.

HYMN LXX.

The Divine Goodneſs unchangeable.

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And children's children ſhall record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord.

V.

While all his works his praiſe proclaim,
And men and angels bleſs his name,
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the ſacred ſong.

HYMN LXXII.

God the Fountain of Life and Grace.

Pſalm civ.

I.

VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature reſts upon thy word,
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee,
The ſpacious earth is full of thee.

II.

The num'rous race of creatures ſtands
Waiting their portion from thy hands;
And while each takes his diff'rent food
Their chearful looks pronounce it good.

III.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their duſt return;
Both man and beaſt their ſouls reſign,
Life, breath, and ſpirit, all is thine.

IV.

Yet thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſte of time and death.

V.

Thy works, the wonders of thy might,
Are honour'd with thine own delight;
How awful are thy glorious ways!
Thou Lord art dreadful in thy praiſe.

VI.

The Earth ſtands trembling at thy ſtroke,
And at thy touch the mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble ſouls may ſee thy face,
And tell their wants to ſov'reign grace.

VII.

In thee our hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make our meditations ſweet;
O may thy praiſe our breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs joy.

HYMN LXXIII.

The Goodneſs of God to the Righteous.

Pſalm cvi.

I.

O Render praiſe to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
His mercy firm for ever ſtands,
Give him the thanks his love demands.

II.

Who can recount his wond'rous deeds?
His greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds,
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

III.

Bleſt are the men who fear him ſtill,
And pay their duty to his will,
Who know the path their feet ſhould go,
Whoſe cautious ſteps that path purſue.

IV.

Be this my happineſs, to ſee
  The ſaints in full proſperity,
And, while their num'rous tribes rejoice,
  To aid the triumph with my voice.

V.

To God the great, the ever bleſt,
  Let ſongs of honour be addreſs'd;
Let all the ſaints, with full accord,
  Exalt their voice to praiſe the Lord.

HYMN LXXIV.

The Joy of remarkable Deliverance.

Pſalm cxxvi.

I.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
  And chang'd our mournful ſtate,
The rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
  The grace appear'd ſo great.

II.

The world beheld the glorious change,
  And did his hand confeſs,
Our tongues broke out in unknown ſtrains,
  And ſung the wond'rous grace.

III.

Great is the work, our neighbours cry'd,
  And own'd the power divine,
Great is the work, our hearts reply'd,
  And be the glory thine.

IV.

The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
  Can give us day for night,
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
  To rivers of delight.

V.

Let thoſe who ſow in ſadneſs wait
  Till the fair harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
  And ſhout the bleſſings home.

VI.

The ſeed tho' buried long in duſt,
  Will not deceive their hope,
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,
  For grace inſures the crop.

HYMN LXXV.

God kind and merciful.

Pſalm cxlvi.

I.

LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
  Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
  And raiſe the poor that fall.

II.

When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
  Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
  Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

III.

Thy grace ſupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth,
Holy and juſt are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

IV.

Thou know'ſt the pains thy ſervants feel,
Thou hear'ſt thy childrens cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

V.

Thy mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere,
To ſave the ſouls, whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

HYMN LXXVI.

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs and Truth.

Pſalm cxlvi.

I.

I'LL praiſe my maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

II.

Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Nature's God he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train,
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

III.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind,
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the priſoner ſweet releaſe.

IV.

He loves his ſaints, he knows them well,
His love their joyful lips ſhall tell,
Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns,
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage,
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

V.

I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN LXXVII.

Thanks for the Goſpel.

I.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own ſon with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

II.

Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that true record,
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by this ſure conveyance giv'n.

III.

God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſt,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſt;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

IV.

O render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace, his boundleſs love;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation praiſe the Lord.

HYMN LXXVIII.

The Bleſſings of the Goſpel.

I.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For theſe celeſtial lines.

II.

Here, may the wretched ſons of want
  Exhauſtleſs riches find,
Riches, above what earth can grant,
  And laſting as the mind.

III.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
  And yields a free repaſt,
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows
  Invite the longing taſte.

IV.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
  Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlaſting joys
  Attend the bliſsful ſound.

V.

O may theſe ſacred pages be
  Our ever dear delight,
And ſtill new beauties may we ſee,
  And ſtill increaſing light.

VI.

Divine inſtructor, gracious God,
  Be thou for ever near,
Teach us to love thy ſacred word,
  And view thy goodneſs there.

HYMN LXXIX.

The Bleſſings of the Goſpel.

I.

BEHOLD the morning ſun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

II.

But where the goſpel comes
It ſpreads diviner light,
It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their ſight.

III.

How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments juſt,
For ever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
Which we ſecurely truſt.

IV.

Thou gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

V.

We hear thy word with love,
And we would fain obey,
Send thy good ſpirit from above
To guide us leſt we ſtray.

VI.

While with our heart and tongue
We ſpread thy praiſe abroad,
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
Our Father and our God!

HYMN LXXX.

The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.

Pſalm xix.

I.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines;
But, in the volume of thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

II.

Sun, moon, and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand,
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

III.

Nor let thy ſpreading goſpel reſt,
Till thro' the earth thy truth has run,
Till it has all the nations bleſt,
That ſee the light or feel the ſun.

IV.

Great God of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgment right.

V.

Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd and ſins forgiven,
Lord, cleanſe our ſins, our ſouls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

HYMN. LXXXI.

The Univerſality of Goſpel Grace.

Eph. i. 9, 10, 11.

I.

WE ſing the wiſe the gracious plan,
Which God deviſ'd e'er time began,
At length diſclos'd in all its light,
We bleſs the wond'rous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace ſo free, and hope ſo bright.

II.

Here has the wiſe eternal mind
In *Chriſt*, their common head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and *Jews*, and earth and heaven,
Through him, from the great father's throne,
Rivers of bliſs come rolling down,
And endleſs peace and life are given.

III.

No more the awful *Cherubs* guard
The tree of life with flaming ſword,
To drive afar man's trembling race,
At *Salem*'s pearly gates they ſtand,
And ſmiling wait (a friendly band!)
To welcome ſtrangers to the place.

IV.

While we expect that glorious ſight,
Love ſhall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our boſoms raiſe,
From earth's low cottages of clay,
To thoſe reſplendent realms of day,
We'll try to ſend the ſounding praiſe.

HYMN LXXXII.

Rejoicing in the Promiſes of the Goſpel.

I.

BEGIN, ye ſaints, ſome heavenly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty works or mightier name
Of your eternal king.

II.

Tell of his wonderous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his power abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

III.

Proclaim ſalvation, from the Lord,
For ſinful dying men,
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen.

IV.

Engrav'd, as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the powers of darkneſs raſe
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

V.

His very word of grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the ſkies,
The voice, that rolls the ſtars along,
Speaks all the promiſes.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Rejoicing in the Promiſes.

Pſalm lxxxix.

I.

OUR never ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord,
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

II.

The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
To endleſs years endure,
And if he ſpeaks a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

III.

His ſaints for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies,
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to that glory riſe.

IV.

Almighty God, thy wond'rous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above,
And ſaints below their honors raiſe
To thy unchanging love.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Light and Strength from God.

Iſaiah xlii. 16.

I.

PRAISE to the radiant ſource of bliſs,
Who gives the blind their ſight,
And ſcatters round their wond'ring eyes
A flood of ſacred light.

II.

In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode,
And ſhews new miracles of grace
Through all the heavenly road.

III.

The ways, tho' rugged and perplex'd,
He renders ſmooth and ſtrait,
And ſtrengthens every feeble knee
To march to *Sion*'s gate.

IV.

Through all the path we'll ſing his name,
Till we the mount aſcend,
Where toils and ſtorms are known no more,
And anthems never end.

HYMN LXXXV.

By Grace we are ſav'd.

Eph. ii. 5.

I.

GRACE! tis a charming ſound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

II.

Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man,
And all the ſteps that grace diſplay
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

III.

Grace taught our roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new ſupplies each hour we meet,
While preſſing on to God.

IV.

Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Through everlaſting days,
It lays in heaven the topmoſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Salvation approaching.

Rom. xiii. 11.

I.

ARISE, to God lift up your hearts,
And raiſe your voices high;
Ariſe, and praiſe that ſovereign love
Which ſhews ſalvation nigh.

II.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near,
Then welcome each declining day!
And each revolving year!

III.

Not many years their round ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe,
E'er all it's glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

IV.

Ye wheels of nature ſpeed your courſe,
Ye mortal powers decay,
Faſt as ye bring the night of death
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Rejoicing in the Hope of Salvation.

I.

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful ſound!
Tis muſic to our ears;
A ſovereign balm for all our wounds,
A cordial for our fears!

II.

Salvation! Oh, the power and love
That here triumphant reign,
To raiſe the ſoul from death and hell
To life and God again!

III.

Salvation! may its ſovereign power
Each ſtubborn ſoul ſubdue,
And tune our tongues to loftier ſtrains
Than ever mortals knew!

IV.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
And all the armies of the ſkies
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Praiſe to the God of our Salvation.

I.

HAIL the God of our ſalvation,
Triumph in redeeming love,
Let us with glad exultation
Imitate the bleſt above.

II.

Light of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling
Border'd on the ſhades of death,
He hath by his grace revealing
Scatter'd all the clouds beneath.

III.

Father thou art all compaſſion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Hail the God of our ſalvation
Praiſe him ev'ry thankful heart.

IV.

Joyfully on earth adore him
Till in heaven we take our place,
There enraptur'd, fall before him,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Rejoicing in the Hope of Glory.

I.

THOU God of our ſalvation
We joyfully adore thee,
Truſting thy care
To keep us here
And bring us ſafe to glory.

II.

We lift our hearts and voices
With bleſt anticipation
And ſhout aloud
And give to God
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

III.

We lift our voice exulting
In thine almighty favour,
The love divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

IV.

By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou wilt reſtore us,
We lift our eyes
To that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us.

V.

Thou God of our ſalvation
We joyfully adore thee
We truſt thy care
To keep us here
And bring us ſafe to glory.

HYMN XC.

The Kingdom of Grace.

I.

ALL hail, thou God of grace,
Thy mercies new and old
With joy our ears have heard
With joy our eyes behold;
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

II.

To thee the hoary head
Its ſilver honors pays,
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brighteſt days;
And every age their tribute bring
And bow to thee all conquering king.

III.

O haſten gracious God,
That happy glorious day,
When ſouls like drops of dew
Shall own thy gentle ſway;
Oh may it bleſs our longing eyes,
And bear our ſhouts beyond the ſkies.

IV.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal is thy reign;
May all the nations ſue
To wear thy gentle chain;
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand for ever ſure.

HYMN XCI.

The Waters of the Sanctuary.

Ezek. xlvii. 9.

Doddridge
V. 147.

I.

GREAT ſource of being and of love,
Thou watereſt all the worlds above,
And all the joys, which mortals know,
From thine exhauſtleſs fountain flow.

II.

A ſacred ſpring, at thy command,
From *Sion*'s mount, in *Canaan*'s land,
Beſide thy temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid ſtream around.

III.

The limpid ſtream, with ſudden force,
Swells to a river in its courſe,
Through deſert realms its windings play,
And ſcatter bleſſings all the way.

IV.

Cloſe by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their bleſſings fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

V.

To the dead ſea the waters flow,
And carry healing as they go,
Its poiſonous dregs their power confeſs,
And all its ſhores the fountain bleſs.

VI.

Flow, wond'rous ſtream, with glory crown'd,
Flow on to earth's remoteſt bound,
And bear us on thy gentle wave,
To him, who all thy virtues gave.

HYMN XCII.

Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the Goſpel.

Iſa. lv. 10.

Doddridge, N° 111.

I.

MARK the ſoft-falling ſnow,
And the diffuſive rain,
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all its ſecret ſtore.

II.

Array'd in living green,
The hills and valleys ſhine,
And man and beaſt is fed
By providence divine,
The harveſt bows its golden ears,
The copious ſeed of future years.

III.

"So ſaith the God of grace,
"My goſpel ſhall deſcend,
"Almighty to effect
"The purpoſe I intend,
"Millions of ſouls ſhall feel its power,
"And bear it down to millions more.

IIII.

"Joy ſhall begin their march,
"And peace protect their ways,
"While all the mountains round
"Echo melodious praiſe,
"The vocal groves ſhall ſing THE GOD,
"And every tree conſenting nod"

HYMN XCIII.

The Equity of the divine Diſpenſations.

I.

FATHER of men, who can complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty ſhare
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?

II.

With diff'ring climes and diff'ring lands,
With fruitful plains and barren ſands,
Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,
And ſet each nation in its bound.

III.

With like variety thy ray
Here ſheds a full, there fainter day,
While all are in their meaſure ſhow'd
The way to happineſs and God.

IV.

O the unbounding grace which brought
To us the words by Jeſus taught!
So bleſt and with ſuch hopes inſpir'd,
How much is giv'n, how much requir'd!

HYMN XCIV.

Chriſt the Light of the World.

I.

BEHOLD the prince of peace,
The choſen of the Lord,
God's beſt beloved ſon fulfils
The ſure prophetic word.

II.

No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteouſneſs,
Meekneſs and patience, truth and love
Compoſe his princely dreſs.

III.

The ſpirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance ſhed
On this great prophet gently lights,
And reſts upon his head.

IV.

Jeſus the light of men,
His doctrine life imparts,
And may we feel its quick'ning power
To warm and glad our hearts.

V.

Chear'd by its beams, our ſouls
Shall run the heavenly way,
The path which Chriſt hath mark'd and trod
Will lead to endleſs day.

HYMN XCV.

Chriſt's Reſurrection a Pledge of ours.

I.

BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his ſon,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope,
That they ſhould never die.

III.

What tho' thy uncontroul'd decree
Command us back to duſt,
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his followers muſt.

IV.

There's an inheritance divine
Reſerv'd againſt that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

V.

We by thy pow'r, O God, are kept
'Till the ſalvation come,
We walk by faith, as ſtrangers here,
'Till thou ſhalt call us home.

HYMN XCVI.

Chriſt the Captain of our Salvation.

Heb. ii. 10.

Doddridge, p. 307.

I.

IMMORTAL God, on thee we call,
The great original of all,
By thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our ſure ſupport, our glorious end.

II.

We praiſe the free, the heavenly grace,
That pitied our revolted race,
And Jeſus, our victorious head,
The captain of ſalvation made.

III.

He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many ſons to glory lead,
And ſinful worms, to him are given,
A colony to people heaven.

IV.

Jeſus for us, O gracious name!
Encounter'd agony and ſhame,
Jeſus the glorious and the great,
By dreadful ſufferings made compleat,

V.

A ſcene of wonders here we ſee,
Of grace and mercy worthy thee,
And while this theme employs our tongues,
Let angels raiſe their ſweeter ſongs.

HYMN XCVII.

Chriſt the Living Stone.

1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.

I.

WITH gratitude and joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rais'd the ſpacious earth,
And form'd the human frame;
He built the church, who built the ſky,
Shout and exalt his honors high.

II.

See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
Jeſus, his firſt born ſon,
How bright his glories ſhine!
Low he deſcends, in duſt he lies,
That from his tomb a church might riſe.

III.

But he for ever lives,
Not for himſelf alone,
Each ſaint new life derives
From him, the living ſtone;
His goſpel ſpreads through every ſoul,
And in one houſe unites the whole,

IV.

To him with joy we move,
In him cemented ſtand,
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand;
That ſtructure, Lord, ſtill higher raiſe,
Louder to ſound its builder's praiſe.

V.

Deſcend, and ſhed abroad
The tokens of thy grace,
And, with more radiant beams,
Let glory fill the place;
Our joyful ſouls ſhall proſtrate fall,
And own, our God is all in all.

HYMN XCVIII.

Chriſtians Sons of God.

1 John iii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

FATHER, what wond'rous grace
Thy mercy hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them *Sons of God!*

II.

It doth not yet appear
How great we muſt be made,
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our head.

III.

A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

HYMN XCIX.

Thanks to God for Bleſſings in Chriſt.

Epheſ. i. 1-2.

I.

LOUD be thy name ador'd,
Thy titles ſpread abroad,
Of Chriſt our glorious Lord,
The Father and the God;
Thro' ſuch a Son thy churches head,
O'er worlds unknown thine honours ſpread.

II.

Ten thouſand gifts of love
From thee thro' him deſcend,
And bear our ſouls above
To joys that never end;
Suſtain'd by God to heaven they ſoar,
And thro' the road his arm adore.

III.

Ten thouſand ſongs of praiſe
Shall for thy mercies riſe,
And, thro' eternal days,
Shall echo round the ſkies;
New ſhouts we'll give, and loud proclaim
The glories of thy ſacred name.

HYMN C.

Thanks to God for Jeſus Chriſt.

I.

FATHER our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bleſs thee for the precious gift
Of thy beloved Son.

II.

A peace on earth he brings
That never more ſhall end,
By him the eternal King of Kings
Proclaims himſelf our friend.

III.

Thy kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart.

IV.

The gift unſpeakable
May we aright receive,
And to the world thy goodneſs tell,
And to thy glory live.

HYMN CI.

The pardoning God.

Micah vii. 18.

I.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchleſs, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrival'd ſhine;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

II.

Each paſt tranſgreſſion to forgive,
Each humble penitent to ſpare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honor ſhare.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

III.

Angels and men, reſign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace,
Theſe glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

IV.

In wonder loſt, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepeſt dye,
A pardon ſeal'd with Jeſus blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

V.

O may this ſtrange this matchleſs grace,
This godlike miracle of love
Fill the wide earth with grateful praiſe,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace, ſo rich and free?

HYMN CII.

The Goſpel Jubilee.

Pſalm lxxxix. 15.

I.

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful tidings round,
Let every ſoul with tranſport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

II.

Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thouſand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

III.

Slaves, who have born the heavy chain
Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic reign,
To Liberty aſſert your claim,
And bleſs the great Redeemer's name.

IV.

The rich inheritance you loſt,
Reſtor'd, improv'd, you now may boaſt,
Fair *Salem* your arrival waits,
With golden ſtreets and pearly gates.

V.

Her bleſs'd inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore,
No debt, but love immenſely great,
Their joy ſtill riſing with the debt.

VI.

O happy ſouls that know the ſound!
Celeſtial light your ſteps around,
Shall ſhew that Jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years ſhall run.

HYMN CIII.

The Goſpel Jubilee.

I.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remoteſt bound
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye wand'ring ſinners, home.

II.

Behold the Son of God,
Commiſſion'd from above,
To all the human race
The meſſenger of love.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye wand'ring ſinners, home.

III.

Ye, who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back, unbought,
The gift of pardoning love.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye contrite ſinners, home.

IV.

The goſpel trumpet ſounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remoteſt bounds
Before the throne appear.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye pardon'd ſinners, home.

HYMN CIV.

The Spring an Emblem of Goſpel Bleſſings.

I.

PRAISE God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Whoſe goodneſs crowns the varied year;
While nature's works his bounty ſhew
Let gratitude ſalute him here;
Swell, gently ſwell the ſolemn ſong,
Now pour the bounding notes along,
Teach choirs below, to choirs above,
To echo back the common lay,
And, as they praiſe unbounded love,
To join in bounty's holiday.
To God the univerſal king
Be ſacred every grateful choir!
In ceaſeleſs hymns, all praiſes ſing,
That endleſs bounty can inſpire!

II.

All loſt, beneath ſtern winter's reign,
Creation's genial powers appear'd,
Spring call'd them into life again,
See, budding verdure ſhews they heard;
Bleſs, bleſs, O man! the kind deſign,
Whoſe nobler counter-part is thine!
Thy powers a gloomier winter froze,
Till thy Meſſiah's cheering ray,
Prolific of fair truth aroſe,
And ſhed the blaze of mental day.
To God the univerſal king
Be ſacred every grateful choir!
In ceaſeleſs hymns, all praiſes ſing.
That endleſs bounty can inſpire

III.

All ſpotleſs, as the truth he taught,
Free, as the mercy he diſplay'd,
He ſhew'd what human duty ought,
He did what heavenly goodneſs bade,
Enforc'd each juſt command he gave,
Nor liv'd, nor dy'd, in vain to ſave.
Praiſe God, whoſe heavenly mercy ſent
His Son to ſave a ſinful race,
Let ev'ry heart with one conſent
Adore the free, the wond'rous grace.

To God the univerſal king,
Be ſacred every grateful choir!
In ceaſeleſs hymns all praiſes ſing,
That endleſs mercy can inſpire.

HYMN CV.

The Glory of the Church in the latter Day.

Iſaiah lx. 1.

I.

O Sion, tune thy voice,
And raiſe thy hands on high,
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boaſt ſalvation nigh;
Cheerful, to God
Ariſe, and ſhine
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

II.

He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade,
His all-reſplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form ſhall view
With luſtre new
Divinely crown'd.

III.

In honour to his name
Reflect that ſacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkneſs bright;
Purſue his praiſe
Till ſov'reign love
In worlds above
The glory raiſe.

IV.

There on his holy hill
A brighter ſun ſhall riſe,
And with his radiance fill
Thoſe fairer purer ſkies;
While round his throne
Ten thouſand ſtars
In nobler ſpheres
His influence own.

HYMN CVI.

The Highway to Sion.

Iſaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

Doddridge — N°. 56.

I.

SING ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer ſing;
Pilgrims for Sion's city bound
Be joyful in your king.

II.

See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy and how plain!
Nor ſhall the ſimpleſt travellers err,
Nor aſk the way in vain.

III.

No ravening lion ſhall deſtroy,
Nor lurking ſerpent wound;
Pleaſure and ſafety, peace and praiſe,
Through all the path are found.

IV.

A hand divine ſhall lead you on
Through all the bliſsful road;
Till to the ſacred mount you riſe
And ſee your ſmiling God.

V.

There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While ſorrow ſighing and diſtreſs,
Like ſhadows all are fled.

VI.

March then in your Redeemer's ſtrength,
  Purſue his footſteps ſtill,
And let the proſpect cheer your hearts,
  While travelling up the hill.

HYMN CVII..

The Invitation of the Goſpel.

Iſaiah lv. 1, 2,

I.

LET every mortal ear attend,
  And every heart rejoice:
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds
  With an inviting voice.

II.

Ho! all ye weary wand'ring ſouls
  That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys
  To fill an empty mind.

III.

Eternal wiſdom has prepar'd
  A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
  The rich proviſion taſte.

IV.

Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
  And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
  With ſtreams that never dry.

V.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

VI.

The happy gates of goſpel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN CVIII.

Te Deum Laudamus.

I.

ETERNAL God to thee we raiſe
Our hearts in ſolemn ſongs of praiſe,
By all thy works on earth ador'd
We worſhip thee the common Lord,
The everlaſting Father own
And bow our ſouls before thy throne.

II.

Thee all the choir of angels ſings
The Lord of hoſts, the King of Kings,
Cherubs proclaim thy praiſe abroad
And Seraphs ſhout th'eternal God,
And holy, holy, holy cry
Thy glory fills both earth and ſky.

III.

God of the patriarchal race
The ancient Seers record thy praiſe,
The goodly Apoſtolic band
Around thy throne of glory ſtand,
And all the Saints and Martyrs join
To extol the majeſty divine.

IV.

The Church to earth's remoteſt bounds
Her heavenly founders praiſe reſounds,
And ſtrives with thoſe around thy throne
To praiſe the great Almighty One,
On whom alone our hopes depend
Whoſe glorious mercies never end.

V.

We praiſe thee Lord, who Jeſus gave
A ſinful race to ſeek and ſave,
Thy heavenly mercy to diſplay,
And point to bliſs the ſacred way,
To live, to die, for us, that we
Might dwell in endleſs life with thee.

VI.

We praiſe thee Lord, who doſt impart
Thine holy Spirit to each heart,
Maintain in every ſoul its ſway,
And keep us to that glorious day
When all thy church ſhall chaunt above
The new eternal ſong of love.

HYMN CIX.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

I.

ALMIGHTY author of our frame,
To thee our vital powers belong,
Thy praiſe, delightful glorious theme!
Demands our heart, our life, our tongue.

II.

Our hearts, our lives, our tongues are thine,
O be thy praiſe their beſt employ!
But may our ſongs with angels join,
Nor ſacred awe forbid the joy!

III.

Thy glories, the ſeraphic lyre,
On all its ſtrings, attempts in vain,
Then how ſhall mortals dare aſpire,
In thought, to try th' unequal ſtrain?

IV.

Yet the great Sovereign of the ſkies
To mortals bends a gracious ear,
Nor the mean tribute will deſpiſe,
When offer'd with a heart ſincere.

V.

Great God, accept the humble praiſe,
And guide our heart, and guide our tongue,
While to thy name we trembling raiſe
The grateful, though unworthy ſong.

HYMN CX.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

I. I.

I.

BEFORE the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's eternal king
To him preſent the ſolemn vow,
And hymns of praiſes ſing.

II.

How weak, great God, our nobleſt ſongs
To magnify thy ways;
Nor human, nor angelick tongues
Can ſhew forth all thy praiſe.

III.

Yet be it now our chief delight,
Our feeble notes to join;
Until with angels we unite
In anthems more divine.

IV.

Nor from thy preſence caſt away
The off'ring that we bring;
Lord! teach our hearts aright to pray,
And tune our lips to ſing.

Sent to Mr Butler
Oct. 24. 1774.

HYMN CXI.

Praiſe to the great and good God.

Pſalm cxlv.

I.

LONG as we live, we'll bleſs thy name,
Great king, and God of love;
Our work and joy ſhall be the ſame,
In the bright world above.

II.

Great art thou, Lord, thy pow'r unknown,
And let thy praiſe be great;
We'll ſing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

III.

Thy grace ſhall dwell upon our tongues,
And while our lips rejoice,
The men who hear our ſacred ſongs.
Shall join their chearful voice.

IV.

Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

V.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r thy heavenly ſtate
With public ſplendor ſhewn.

VI.

The world is govern'd by thy hands,
  Thy people rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
  Tho' rocks and hills remove.

HYMN CXII.

Invocation to praiſe God.

Pſalm xlvii.

I.

O For a ſhout of ſacred joy
  To GOD the ſov'reign king!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
  And hymns of triumph ſing.

II.

While angels ſhout and praiſe their king,
  Let mortals learn their ſtrains;
Let all the earth his honours ſing,
  O'er all the earth he reigns.

III.

Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound,
  Let knowledge lead the ſong,
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
  Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

IV.

In Iſrael ſtood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that choſen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taſte his grace.

V.

The Britiſh iſlands are the LORD's
There Abraham's GOD is known;
While pow'rs and princes, ſhields and ſwords,
Submit before his throne.

HYMN CXIII.

Invocation to praiſe God.

Pſalm c.

I.

SING to the LORD with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The Britiſh Iſles ſhall ſend the noiſe,
Acroſs the ocean to the ſhore.

II.

Nations attend before his throne
With ſolemn fear with ſacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

III.

His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

IV.

We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame;
What laſting honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name!

V.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe,
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

VI.

Wide as the world is thy command!
Vaſt as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth ſhall ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN CXIV.

Invocation to praiſe God.

Pſalm c.

I.

YE tribes of earth in God rejoice,
His preſence hail with thankful voice,
To him your willing homage pay,
And wake the tributary lay;
Submiſſive to his will, in him
Behold the God of Gods ſupreme.

II.

With conſcious wonder oft ſurvey'd,
He, not ourſelves, our frame has made;
The ſubjects of his pow'r we ſtand,
The ſheep that own his guiding hand;
O enter then his gates with praiſe,
To him your loudeſt accents raiſe.

III.

With grateful hearts his love proclaim,
And bleſs, O bleſs his awful name;
For truth in him and mercy live,
That truth ſhall time itſelf ſurvive,
That mercy thro' the length of days
Unclouded pour its healing rays.

HYMN CXV.

Praiſe and Thankſgiving.

I.

OUR Maker, and our King,
To thee our all we owe,
Thy ſovereign bounty is the ſpring.
From whence our bleſſings flow.

II.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
Our hearts to grateful love.

III.

The creatures of thy hand
On thee alone we live,
Great God thy benefits demand
More praiſe than life can give.

IV.

O let thy grace inſpire
Our ſouls with ſtrength divine;
Let all our powers to thee aſpire,
And all our days be thine.

HYMN CXVI.

Praiſe and Thankſgiving.

I.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd,
Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail celeſtial goodneſs hail!

II.

Tho' unworthy Lord thine ear,
Our humble hallelujahs hear;
Purer praiſe we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we ſing.

III.

While on earth ordain'd to ſtay,
Guide our footſteps in thy way,
Till we come to reign with thee,
And all thy glorious greatneſs ſee.

IV.

Then with angels we'll again
Wake a louder nobler ſtrain,
There in joyful ſongs of praiſe,
We'll our grateful voices raiſe.

V.

There no tongue ſhall ſilent be,
All ſhall join in harmony;
That thro' heaven's all ſpacious round
Thy praiſe, O God, may ever ſound.

VI.

Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail celeſtial goodneſs hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

HYMN CXVII.

Praiſe and Thankſgiving.

I.

HAIL thou eternal King,
Thy ceaſeleſs praiſe we ſing;
Praiſe ſhall our glad tongues employ,
Praiſe o'erflow our grateful ſoul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

II.

Cherubs with Seraphs join,
And in thy praiſe combine,
All their choirs thy glories ſing,
Who ſhall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sovereign both of earth and ſky.

III.

Let earth's remoteſt bound
With thy glad praiſe reſound,
From thine high and holy place,
Where thou doſt in glory reign,
Thou in condeſcending grace,
Deign'ſt to view the ſons of men.

IV.

O Lord, thou God of love,
While we thy mercy prove,
Praiſe ſhall our glad tongues employ,
Praiſe o'erflow our grateful ſoul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

HYMN CXVIII.

Hallelujah.

I.

GLORY be to God on high, *Hallelujah.*
God whoſe glory fills the ſky,
Lift your voice ye people all,
Praiſe the God on whom ye call.

II.

Lift your voice and ſhout his praiſe,
Triumph in his ſovereign grace,
Praiſe his name with one conſent,
O how great, how excellent.

III.

Safe in *Iſrael*'s God confide,
He is God, and none beſide,
Wonderful in ſaving power,
Him let all our hearts adore.

IV.

Praiſe by all to him be given,
Sons of earth and hoſts of heaven,
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high.

HYMN CXIX.

Praiſe ye the Lord.

I.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footſtool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praiſe beſtow'd,
Whoſe hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whoſe eye the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that all was good.

II.

Ye angels that with loud acclaim,
Admiring, view'd the new born frame,
And hail'd th' eternal king,
Again proclaim your makers praiſe,
Again your thankful voices raiſe,
And ſacred anthems ſing.

III.

Ye ſons of men, his praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move;
Ye that in *Judah*'s confines dwell,
From age to age ſucceſſive tell
The wonders of his love.

IV.

Ye ſpirits of the juſt and good,
That, eager for the bleſs'd abode,
To heavenly manſions ſoar,
O let your ſongs his praiſe diſplay,
Till heaven itſelf ſhall melt away,
And time ſhall be no more.

V.

Praiſe him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye ſaints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundleſs bliſs to ſhare,
O praiſe him till you take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

HYMN CXX.

Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm cxlix.

I.

O Praiſe ye the Lord, prepare a new ſong,
And let all his ſaints in full chorus join,
With voices united the anthem prolong
And ſhew forth his praiſes with muſic divine.

II.

Let praiſe to the Lord who made us aſcend,
Let each grateful heart be glad in its king,
For God whom we worſhip our ſongs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.

III.

Be joyful ye ſaints, ſuſtain'd by his might,
And let your glad ſongs awake with each morn,
For thoſe who obey him are ſtill his delight,
His hand with ſalvation the meek will adorn.

IV.

Then praiſe ye the Lord, prepare a glad ſong,
And let all his ſaints in full chorus join,
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And ſhew forth his praiſes with muſic divine.

HYMN. CXXI.

Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm cl.

I.

PRAISE, O praiſe the name divine,
Praiſe him at the hallow'd ſhrine,
Let the firmament on high
To its maker's praiſe reply.

II.

Let his acts and power ſupreme
To your ſongs ſuggeſt a theme;
Be the harp no longer mute,
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.

III.

Let the organ in his praiſe,
Learn its loudeſt note to raiſe,
And the cymbal's varying ſound
From the vaulted roof rebound.

IV.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praiſe that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join,
Praiſe, O praiſe the name divine.

HYMN CXXII

Praiſe and Thankſgiving.

I

SOVEREIGN Lord of might and glory,
Author of our mortal frame,
Joyfully we bow before thee,
And extol thine holy name;
Hallelujah,
Ever ſacred be the theme!

II.

Kind diſpenſer of each bleſſing
Which ſurrounds the human race,
May we, gratefully poſſeſſing,
Still adore thy boundleſs grace;
Hallelujah,
Praiſe to God, immortal praiſe!

III.

While with joyful exultation
We attend before thy throne,
Let us with glad acclamation
Thine abundant mercies own;
Hallelujah,
Praiſe belongs to thee alone!

IV.

In thine ev'ry diſpenſation
Grace and mercy we deſcry,
Thou, the God of our ſalvation,
To preſerve us ſtill art nigh;
Hallelujah,
Glory be to God on high!

HYMN CXXIII.

Praiſe and Thankſgiving.

I.

O Come let us join,
With muſic divine,
Our Creator to praiſe,
And joyfully ſing his unſpeakable grace;
Thou light of mankind,
Shine into each mind,
And clearly reveal
Thy perfect and good and acceptable will.

II.

Our heavenly guide
With us will abide,
His comfort impart,
And ſet up his kingdom of love in our heart;
The heart that believes
His mercy receives,
He will give us to prove,
His utmoſt ſalvation, his fulneſs of love.

III.

Then let us rejoice
In heart and in voice;
Our leader purſue,
And oft, as we travel the wilderneſs thro'
In ſpirit remove
To the Sion above;
Triumphant ariſe
And walk with our God e'er we mount to the ſkies.

HYMN CXXIV.

Doxology.

Pſalm cxvii.

I.

THY name, Almighty LORD,
Shall ſound thro' diſtant lands;
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word,
Thy truth for ever ſtands.

II.

Far be thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

HYMN CXXV.

Doxology.

Pſalm cxvii.

I.

O All ye nations praiſe the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.

II.

His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land,
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand,
Praiſe ye the faithful GOD.

HYMN CXXVI.

Doxology.

Pſalm cxvii.

I.

FROM all who dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Almighty's name be ſung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, LORD,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

HYMN CXXVII.

Doxology.

Pſalm cxvii.

I.

LET thy various realms, O Earth,
Praiſes yield to heaven's high Lord;
Praiſe him all of human birth,
And his wond'rous acts record.

II.

See his mercy o'er our land
Spread its ever healing wing,
And his truth thro' ages ſtand;
Praiſe, O praiſe th' eternal King.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Doxology.

I.

GLORY to God on high,
Let it our ſongs employ,
Hallelujah;
Grateful hearts let us bring
Unto our heav'nly king,
While his glad praiſe we ſing,
Hallelujah.

II.

Praiſe ye the Lord our God,
Sound his glad praiſe abroad,
Hallelujah,
On earth let peace be found,
Good will to men abound;
Let the whole earth reſound,
Hallelujah.

HYMN CXXIX.

Doxology.

TO God ſupreme, for ever bleſt,
Be praiſe with thankful heart expreſt,
Such as the ſtars of morning ſung,
When earth was on its balance hung,
Such praiſe as from the angelic choirs,
And ſaints whom zeal like theirs inſpires,
In heaven above and earth below,
Still flows and ſhall for ever flow.

HYMN CXXX.

Doxology.

SING to the Lord, let praiſe inſpire
The grateful voice, the humble lyre,
In ſtrains of praiſe proclaim abroad
The endleſs glories of our God;
Sing, ye ſons of men, O ſing
Praiſe to heaven's eternal King,
His works proclaim his power divine,
O'er all the earth his glories ſhine.

HYMN CXXXI.

Hallelujah.

TO God our Maker, Father, Friend,
Let grateful ſtrains of thanks aſcend
Before his awful throne!
Let every tongue his praiſes ſing
And glorify the Almighty King
The Eternal, Holy, One;
Let nations uniting his praiſes prolong
And the angels of heaven re-echo the ſong;
Glory be to God on high,
Hallelujah
Amen.

HYMN CXXXII.

Humble Adoration.

I.

LO God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face,
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us ſeek his grace;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

II.

Lo God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels ſing,
To him enthron'd above all height
Heaven's hoſt their nobleſt praiſes bring;
Diſdain not Lord our meaner ſong,
Who praiſe thee with a ſtammering tongue.

III.

Being of beings, may our praiſe
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill,
Still may we ſtand before thy face
Still hear and do thy ſovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts ariſe
An acceptable ſacrifice.

IV.

In thee we move, all things of thee
Are full, thou ſource and life of all,
Thou vaſt unfathomable ſea,
On thee the God of love we call,
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord,
Be thou by all thy works ador'd.

HYMN CXXXIII.

God the Father of our Spirits.

Heb. xii. 9.

I.

ETERNAL ſource of life and thought
Be all beneath thyſelf forgot
While thee great parent-mind we own
In proſtrate homage round thy throne.

II.

While in themſelves our ſouls ſurvey
Of thee ſome faint reflected ray
They wond'ring to their father riſe
His power how vaſt, his thoughts how wiſe.

III.

O may we live before thy face
The obedient children of thy grace,
And thro' each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love.

IV.

Call us away from fleſh and ſenſe,
Thy ſovereign hand can draw us thence,
We would obey the voice divine
And all inferior joys reſign.

HYMN CXXXIV.

The living Sacrifice.

Rom. xii. 1.

I.

GOD of all redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

II.

Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro' thy ſon,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

III.

Meet it is and good and right
That we ſhould be wholly thine,
In thy holy will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join.

IV.

O that every thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art,
Holineſs unto the Lord
Still be written on our heart.

HYMN CXXXV.

The living Sacrifice.

Rom. xii. 1.

I.

AND will th' eternal king
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

II.

We own thy various claim,
And to thy altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

III.

Deſcend, celeſtial fire,
The ſacrifice inflame,
So ſhall a grateful odour riſe
Thro' our Redeemer's name.

HYMN CXXXVI.

For the Lord's Day.

I.

GOD of the ſabbath, hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thine houſe,
And own as grateful ſacrifice
The ſongs which in thy temple riſe.

II.

Thine earthly ſabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler reſt above,
To that our longing ſouls aſpire,
With chearful hope and ſtrong deſire.

III.

No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin nor death ſhall reach the place,
No groans ſhall mingle with the ſongs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

IV.

No rude alarms of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repoſe,
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
But ſacred, high, eternal noon.

V.

O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on theſe realms of pain and ſin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And ſleep in death to reſt with God.

HYMN CXXXVII.

For the Lord's Day.

I.

GREAT God, this ſacred day of thine
Demands our ſouls collected powers!
May we employ in work divine
Theſe ſolemn, theſe devoted hours!
O may our ſouls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

II.

Hence ye vain cares and trifles fly,
Where God reſides appear no more;
Omniſcient God, thy piercing eye
Can every ſecret thought explore,
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

III.

The word of life diſpens'd to day,
Invites us to a heavenly feaſt;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble gueſt!
Let all draw near, and taſting prove
The ſweetneſs of thy boundleſs love,

IV.

Thy ſpirit's powerful aid impart,
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
Then ſhall the day indeed be thine;
Then ſhall our ſouls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

For the Lord's Day.

I.

SWEET is the work, O God, our King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks, and ſing;
To ſhew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

II.

Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal cares ſhall ſeize our breaſt;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like *David*'s harp of ſolemn ſound!

III.

Our hearts ſhall triumph in the Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word;
His works of grace! how bright they ſhine!
How deep his counſels! how divine!

IV.

So ſhall we ſhare a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd our heart,
And freſh ſupplies of joy are ſhed,
Like holy oil to cheer our head.

V.

Then ſhall we ſee, and hear, and know
All we deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And every power find ſweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN CXXXIX.

The divine Bleſſing implor'd.

I.

AUTHOR of good to thee we come,
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants diſcern,
Thy hand alone ſupply.

II.

O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footſteps guide,
That love ſhall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beſide.

III.

And ſince by error's force ſubdued,
Too oft the ſtubborn will
Miſtaken ſhuns the latent good,
And graſps the ſpecious ill.

IV.

Not to our wiſh but to our want
Do thou thy gifts apply,
Unaſk'd, what good thou knoweſt grant,
What ill tho' aſk'd deny.

HYMN CXL.

Divine Influence implor'd.

I.

THY influence, mighty God! is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air and ſkies
Thine energy is found.

II.

Thy ſacred influence, Lord, we need
To form our hearts anew;
O cleanſe our ſouls from every ſin
And thy ſalvation ſhew!

III.

Father of lights! thy ſpirit grant
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth ſhall ſcatter every cloud
And make a glorious day.

IV.

Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will;
Thy grace ſhall make each burthen light
And every murmur ſtill.

V.

Chear'd by thy ſmiles we'll fearleſs tread
The gloomy paths of death;
And with the hopes of endleſs bliſs
Reſign to thee our breath.

HYMN CXLI.

Divine Guidance implor'd.

I.

O That the Lord would guide our ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that the Lord would grant us grace
To know and do his will!

II.

Since we are ſtrangers here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road our feet ſhould go,
And be our conſtant guide.

III.

Order our footſteps by thy word,
And make our hearts ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep our conſcience clear.

IV.

Make us to walk in wiſdom's way,
'Tis a delightful road!
It leads to realms of endleſs day,
It leads to thine abode.

HYMN CXLII.

Imploring divine Direction.

I.

LORD, through the dubious paths of life,
Thy feeble ſervant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footſteps ſhall not ſlide.

II.

To thee, O my unerring guide!
I would myſelf reſign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

III.

Thus ſhall each bleſſing of thine hand
Be doubly ſweet to me;
And in new griefs I ſtill ſhall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

IV.

Lord, by thy counſel whilſt I live
  Guide thou my wand'ring feet;
And when my courſe on earth is run
  Conduct me to thy ſeat.

HYMN CXLIII.

The divine Protection and Bleſſing implor'd.

2 Cor. xiii. 11.

Doddridge N°271.

I.

THY preſence, everlaſting God,
  Wide o'er all nature ſpreads abroad,
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot ſleep,
In every place thy children keep.

II.

While near each other we remain,
Thou doſt our lives and ſouls ſuſtain,
When abſent, happy if we ſhare
Thy ſmiles, thy counſels, and thy care.

III.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And ſeek our comforts near thy ſeat;
Still on our ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine,
And guard and guide us ſtill as thine.

IV.

Give us, in thy beloved houſe,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

HYMN CXLIV.

The divine Bleſſing beſought on our lawful Employments.

Pſalm xc. 17. Doddridge, 53.

I.

SHINE on our ſouls, eternal God,
With rays of glory ſhine,
O let thy favour crown our days
And all their round be thine.

II.

Did we not raiſe our hearts to thee
Our hands might toil in vain,
Small joy ſucceſs itſelf would give
If thou thy love reſtrain.

III.

With thee let ev'ry week begin,
With thee each day be ſpent,
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

IV.

Midſt hourly cares may love preſent
It's incenſe to thy throne,
And while the world our hands employs
Our hearts be thine alone.

HYMN CXLV.

Growth in Grace deſired. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

Dodd. N. 344

I.

PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou ſhed'ſt abroad,
For all thy influence from above,
To warm our ſouls with ſacred love.

II.

Bleſſ'd be thy hand which from the ſkies
Brought down this plant of paradiſe,
And gave its heavenly beauties birth
To deck this wilderneſs of earth.

III.

Unchanging Sun, thy beams diſplay
To drive the froſt and ſtorms away,
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant ſo much thy own.

IV.

May thy bleſs'd ſpirit deign to blow
Freſh gales of heaven on ſhrubs below,
So ſhall they grow and breath abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

HYMN CXLVI.

Sanctifying Grace implor'd.

I.

FOUNTAIN of being, God of love
To thee our hearts we raiſe;
Thine all-ſuſtaining power we prove
And gladly ſing thy praiſe.

II.

Thine, wholly thine, we long to be
Our ſacrifice receive,
Made, and preſerv'd, and ſav'd by thee
To thee ourſelves we give.

III.

Heaven-ward our every wiſh aſpires
For all thy mercies ſtore,
The ſole return thy love requires
Is that we aſk for more.

IV.

For more we aſk, we open, Lord,
Our hearts t'embrace thy will;
Renew us by thy heav'nly grace,
And with thy fulneſs fill.

V.

Still may we find thy heavenly love
Shed in our hearts abroad,
So ſhall we ever live and move
And be with Chriſt in God.

HYMN CXLVII.

God the only ſubſtantial Good.

Jer. ix. 23.

I.

THE righteous Lord ſupremely great
Maintains his univerſal ſtate;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footſtool bends.

II.

Yet juſtice ſtill with power preſides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And ſaints are lovely in his ſight.

III.

No more ye wiſe your wiſdom boaſt,
No more ye ſtrong your valour truſt;
No more ye rich ſurvey your ſtore
Elate with heaps of ſhining ore.

IV.

Glory ye ſaints in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his ſovereign ſway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

V.

Our wiſdom, wealth, and power we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our ſouls in raptures riſe.

VI.

All elſe which we our treaſure call
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happineſs can move,
Whom the Almighty deigns to love?

HYMN CXLVIII.

Confidence in God our Father.

I.

O GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the father and the friend
In every act appear.

II.

With open hand and liberal heart
Thou wilt our wants ſupply,
Thy heav'nly bleſſings ſtill impart,
And no good thing deny.

III.

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wiſdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we ſubmit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

IV.

In thy paternal love and care
With chearful hearts we truſt;
Thy tender mercies boundleſs are,
And all thy ways are juſt.

V.

We cannot want while God provides,
What he ordains is beſt;
And heav'n, whate'er we want beſides,
Will give eternal reſt.

HYMN CXLIX.

The Preſence of God our ſure Support.

Iſaiah xli. 10.

I.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To diſſipate our fear?
Doſt thou proclaim thyſelf our God,
Our God for ever near?

II.

Doth thy right hand which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the ſkies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us riſe?

III.

Doſt thou a father's pity feel
For all thy humble ſaints?
And in ſuch tender accents ſpeak
To ſooth their ſad complaints?

IV.

On this ſupport our ſouls ſhall lean,
And baniſh every care,
The gloomy vale of death ſhall ſmile
If God be with us there.

V.

While we thy gracious ſuccour prove
'Midſt all our various ways,
The darkeſt ſhades thro' which we paſs
Shall echo with thy praiſe.

HYMN CL.

God the Refuge of his People.

1 Sam. xxx. 6.

I.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious name
Still pregnant with delight,
It ſcatters round a cheerful beam
To gild the darkeſt night.

II

What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like withering flowers?
Nor time nor death can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.

III

Our cares, we give them to the wind,
And ſhake them off like duſt;
Well may we truſt our all with him
With whom our ſouls we truſt.

IV.

Great God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs grace we prove
Our happineſs ſecure.

HYMN CLI.

God the Shepherd of his People.

Ezek. xxxiv. 31.

I.

AND will the ſovereign of heav'n
Accept us for his ſheep?
And with a ſhepherd's tender care
Such worthleſs creatures keep?

II.

And will he ſpread his guardian-arms
Round our defenceleſs head?
And cauſe us gently to lie down
In his refreſhing ſhade?

III.

And will he lead our weary ſouls
To that delightful ſcene,
Where rivers of ſalvation flow
Through paſtures ever green?

IV.

What thanks can mortal man repay
For favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim ſuch love divine?

V.

Eternal God, how mean are we!
How richly gracious thou!
Our ſouls o'erwhelm'd with humble joy
In ſilent tranſports bow.

HYMN CLII.

Truſt in God through all the Changes of Life.

I.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God,
I'll ſing the honours of thy name,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

II.

My ſoul in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy various love ſurveys,
Where ſhall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praiſe.

III.

In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear,
Thy mercies gild each tranſient ſcene,
And crown each paſſing year.

IV.

In all theſe mercies may my ſoul
A father's bounty ſee,
Nor let the gifts thy grace beſtows
Eſtrange my heart from thee.

V.

Teach me in time of deep diſtreſs
To own thy hand, my God,
And in ſubmiſſive ſilence hear
The leſſons of thy rod.

VI.

In every varying mortal ſtate
Each bright, each gloomy ſcene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and ſerene.

VII.

Then will I cloſe mine eyes in death
Without one anxious fear,
For death itſelf is life, O God,
If thou art with me there.

HYMN CLIII.

Jacob's Vow adopted.

Gen. xxviii. 20.

Doddridge — N°. 4.

I.

O GOD of Jacob, by whoſe hand
Thine *Iſrael* ſtill is fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Haſt all our fathers led.

II.

To thee our humble vows we raiſe,
To thee addreſs our prayer,
And in thy kind and faithful breaſt
Depoſite all our care.

III.

If thou, thro' each perplexing path,
Wilt be our conſtant guide;
If thou wilt daily bread ſupply,
And raiment wilt provide;

IV.

If thou wilt ſpread thy ſhield around,
Till theſe our wand'rings ceaſe,
And at our father's lov'd abode,
Our ſouls arrive in peace.

V.

To thee, as to our Cov'nant-God,
We'll our whole ſelves reſign;
And count, that not our *Tenth* alone,
But all we have is thine.

HYMN CLIV.

Reliance on divine Protection.

I.

ON thee, O God! we ſtill depend,
Our father and our conſtant friend;
All that is good thou can'ſt ſupply,
And put all threat'ning evil by.

II.

Should wars on ev'ry ſide invade,
We'll ſhelter ſeek beneath thy ſhade;
We'll truſt to thy paternal care,
Nor want, nor harm, nor danger fear.

III.

We'll ſtill refer ourſelves to thee,
And with our lot contented be;
With one conſenting heart and voice,
Approve our heav'nly father's choice.

IV.

From earth we'll turn our longing eyes,
To regions far beyond the ſkies;
O fit us for that bleſt abode,
Where dwells our Father and our God.

HYMN CLV.

God the Support of frail Man.

I.

LORD, we adore thy wond'rous name,
And make that name our truſt,
Which rais'd at firſt this curious frame,
From mean and lifeleſs duſt.

II.

A while theſe frail machines endure,
The fabrick of a day;
Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.

III.

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repoſe,
That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,
Its various weakneſs knows.

IV.

Thou view'ſt us with a pitying eye,
Whilſt ſtrugling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our GOD.

V.

Gently ſupported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain ſhall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty ceaſe.

HYMN CLVI.

God our Safety in Danger.

Pſalm xci.

I.

HAPPY the ſouls who truſt in God,
They find a moſt ſecure abode,
They walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And there at night they reſt their head.

II.

If burning beams of noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with a healthful ſhade.

III.

If vapors with malignant breath
Riſe thick and ſcatter midnight death,
The ſaints are ſafe; the poiſon'd air
Grows pure, for God himſelf is there.

IV.

What though a thouſand at their ſide,
At their right hand ten thouſand dy'd;
Their God his choſen people ſaves
Amongſt the dead, amidſt the graves.

V.

But if the fire or plague or ſword
Receive commiſſion from the Lord,
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and death are bleſt.

VI.

The ſword, the peſtilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire;
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy ſaints, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN CLVII.

Truſt in God under Trouble.

I.

O GOD, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs grace we feel
Our happineſs ſecure.

II.

What though our houſe be not with thee
As nature could deſire?
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy ſervants ſhall aſpire

III.

Since thou, the everlaſting God,
Our father art become,
Our teacher, guardian, and our friend,
And heav'n our final home.

IV.

We welcome all thy ſov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when we know not what thou doſt,
We wait the light above.

V.

Thy mercy in the darkeſt gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
And, when our eyelids cloſe in death,
Shall warm our trembling heart.

HYMN CLVIII.

God the Strength of his People.

I.

AWAKE our ſouls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

II.

True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the ſtrength of every ſaint.

III.

The mighty God whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures while endleſs years,
Their everlaſting circles run.

IV.

From him, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall draw a large ſupply,
While, ſuch as ſeek refreſhing draughts
From mortal ſtreams, ſhall droop and die.

V.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to his abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heavenly road.

HYMN CLIX.

Dependance and Reſignation.

I.

GREAT Lord of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Thy wealth the needy world ſupplies;
On thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

II.

To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And ev'ry riſing want relieves.

III.

The waſtes of life thy pow'r repairs,
Thy mercy ſtills tempeſtuous cares,
And ſafe beneath thy guardian arm
We live ſecur'd from ev'ry harm.

IV.

To thee we chearful homage bring,
In grateful hymns thy praiſes ſing,
Direct to thee our waiting eyes,
And humbly look for freſh ſupplies.

V.

We ſtill are indigent and poor,
Indebted much, yet lacking more,
On thee we ever will depend
The rich, the ſure, the faithful friend.

VI.

And ſhould thy meaſures ſeem ſevere,
Calmly may we thy chaſt'ning bear,
Without complaint to thee ſubmit,
Th' unerring Judge of what is fit.

HYMN CLX.

Submiſſion to the all-wiſe Decrees.

I.

LORD, how myſterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praiſe!
Thy ſteps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore!

II.

Thy deep decrees from creature ſight
Are hid in ſhades of awful night,
Amid the lines with curious eye
Not angel minds preſume to pry.

III.

Great God, I would not aſk to ſee
What in futurity ſhall be;
If light and bliſs attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praiſe.

IV.

Is darkneſs and diſtreſs my ſhare?
Then let me truſt thy guardian care;
Enough for me if love divine
At length through every cloud ſhall ſhine.

V.

Yet this my ſoul deſires to know,
Be this my only wiſh below,
"That I am thine!"—This great requeſt
Grant, bounteous God,—and I am bleſt.

HYMN CLXI.

Submiſſion under Affliction.

I.

THY people, Lord, have ever found
'Tis good to bear thy rod;
Afflictions make us learn thy law,
And live upon our God.

II.

This is the comfort we enjoy
When new diſtreſs begins;
We read thy word, we run thy way,
And hate our former ſins.

III.

Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,
Though they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt ſufferings we endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

IV.

Before we knew thy chaſtening rod
Our feet were apt to ſtray,
Now may we learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

HYMN CLXII.

The End of God's afflicting his People.

I.

HOW gracious and how wiſe
Is our chaſtiſing God!
And O! how rich the bleſſings are
Which bloſſom from his rod.

II.

He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That ev'ry ſtroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

III.

Inſtructed thus they bow
And own his ſov'reign ſway,
They turn their erring footſteps back
To his forſaken way.

IV.

His cov'nant-love they ſeek
And ſeek the happy bands,
That cloſer ſtill engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

V.

Dear Father, we conſent
To diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the pains that make our ſouls
Still more compleatly thine.

HYMN CLXIII.

Truſt in God under Trouble.

I.

COMMIT thou all thy ways
And griefs into his hands,
To his ſure truth and tender care
Who heav'n and earth commands.

II.

Who points the clouds their courſe,
Whom winds and ſeas obey,
He ſhall direct thy wand'ring feet
He ſhall prepare thy way.

III.

No profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming care,
To him commend thy cauſe, his ear
Attends the ſofteſt prayer.

IV.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undiſmay'd;
God hears thy ſighs and counts thy tears,
He will lift up thy head.

V

Through waves and clouds and ſtorms
He'll gently clear thy way;
Wait thou his time, ſo ſhall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

VI.

Leave to his ſovereign ſway
To chuſe and to command,
So ſhalt thou, grateful, own his way
Is wiſe, and ſtrong his hand.

HYMN CLXIV.

Weeping Seed-time, joyful Harveſt.

Pſalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

I.

THE darken'd ſky, how thick it lours!
Troubled with ſtorms, and big with ſhowers;
No chearful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

II.

Yet let the ſons of grace revive,
God bids the ſoul that ſeeks him live,;
And from the gloomieſt ſhade of Night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

III.

The ſeeds of extacy unknown,
Are in theſe water'd furrows ſown;
See the green blades how thick they riſe,
And with freſh verdure bleſs our eyes.

IV.

In ſecret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;
And heav'n ſhall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harveſt load the ground.

V.

Then ſhall the trembling mourner come,
And find his ſheaves, and bear them home;
The voice long broke with ſighs ſhall ſing,
Till heav'n with *Hallelujahs* ring.

HYMN. CLXV.

The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

I.

WHEN we can read our title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
We bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe our weeping eyes.

II.

Should foes againſt our peace engage,
And cruel darts be hurl'd;
Then we can ſmile at all their rage,
And face a frowning world.

III.

Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May we but ſafely reach our home,
Our God, our heaven, our all;

IV.

There ſhall we bathe our weary ſouls
In ſeas of heavenly reſt;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs our peaceful breaſt.

HYMN CLXVI.

God the Chriſtian's Refuge.

I.

WHEN ſtorms hang o'er the Chriſtian's head,
He flies unto his God,
And under his refreſhing ſhade
Finds a ſecure abode.

II.

When foes without and fears within
Seek to diſturb his peace,
To God he makes his ſorrows known,
And ſtrait his ſorrows ceaſe.

III.

When winds of ſtrong temptations blow,
And floods of trouble roll,
God is the help and refuge too
Of his diſtreſſed ſoul.

IV.

But when tremendous terrors ſeize
  Where will the ſinner fly?
He feels a thouſand agonies,
  And no deliverer nigh!

HYMN CLXVII.

God the Leader of his People.

Exodus xv. 2.

I.

O GOD of our forefathers hear
  And make thy faithful mercies known,
While we with confidence draw near
  And place our truſt on thee alone.

II.

Ariſe as in the antient days,
  (The antient annals ſpeak thy fame)
Be now omnipotently nigh,
  To endleſs ages ſtill the ſame.

III.

From Egypt when thy choſen race
  Triumphant urg'd their wondrous way
Divinely led, behold they paſs
  The unwatery deep, the empty'd ſea.

IV.

At diſtance heap'd on either hand
  Yielding a ſtrange unbeaten road
In chryſtal walls the waters ſtand,
  And own the arm of *Iſrael*'s God.

V.

That arm which is not ſhorten'd now,
Which wants not now the power to ſave,
Shall, preſent with thy people ſtill,
Bear them thro' life's tumultuous wave.

VI.

By earth and hell purſued in vain
To thee the ranſom'd ſeed ſhall come,
Shouting, their heavenly Canaan gain,
And paſs thro' death triumphant home.

VII.

The pain of life ſhall then be o'er,
Each anguiſh, each corroding care,
Then ſighs and griefs ſhall be no more,
And ſin ſhall never enter there.

VIII.

Where pure unmixed joy is found
The Lord's redeem'd their heads ſhall raiſe,
With everlaſting goodneſs crown'd,
And fill'd with wonder love and praiſe.

HYMN CLXVIII.

The divine Goodneſs in moderating Afflictions.

Iſaiah xxvii. 8,

I.

GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine:
We hear thy breath in ev'ry ſtorm,
For all the winds are thine.

II.

Wide as they ſweep their ſounding way,
They work thy ſov'reign will;
And aw'd by thy majeſtic voice
Confuſion ſhall be ſtill.

III.

Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blaſt
To them who ſeek thy face;
And mingles with the tempeſt's roar
The whiſpers of thy grace.

IV.

Thoſe gentle whiſpers let us hear,
Till all the tumult ceaſe,
And gales of Paradiſe ſhall lull
Our weary ſouls to peace.

HYMN CLXIX.

Wait on the Lord.

Iſa. xxx. 18.

Doddridge—N. 93.

I.

WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word ſupport your ſouls,
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears controul.

II.

He waits his own well-choſen hour
Th' intended mercy to diſplay,
And his paternal bowels move
While wiſdom dictates the delay.

III.

With mingled majeſty and love
At length he riſes from his throne,
And while ſalvation he commands,
He makes his people's joy his own.

IV.

Bleſt are the humble ſouls that wait
With ſweet ſubmiſſion to his will;
Harmonious all their paſſions move,
And in the midſt of ſtorms are ſtill.

V.

Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their ſilence into ſongs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praiſe,
And heav'n the grateful ſhout prolongs.

HYMN CLXX.

Truſting in him who careth for us.

1 Pet. v. 7.

Doddridge
N°. 340.

I.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come caſt your burdens on the Lord,
And truſt his conſtant care."

II.

While providence ſupports,
Let ſaints ſecurely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide his children well.

III.

Then let no anxious load
Preſs down your weary mind?
Haſte to your heav'nly Father's throne,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

IV.

His goodneſs ſtands approv'd
Down to the preſent day;
Then drop your burdens at his feet,
And bear a ſong away.

HYMN CLXXI.

God the Comfort of the pious Poor.

Zeph. iii. 12.

Dodd. N. 162.

I.

PRAISE to the ſov'reign of the ſky,
Who from his lofty throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls ſuch ſouls his own.

II.

The haughty ſinner he diſdains,
Tho' gems his temples crown;
And from the ſeat of pomp and pride
His vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On his afflicted pious poor
He makes his face to ſhine;
He fills their cottages of clay
With luſtre all divine.

IV.

Among the meaneſt of thy flock
  There let my dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded roofs,
  If abſent, Lord, from thee.

HYMN CLXXII.

The Power of Faith.

I.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs,
  And ſaves us from its ſnares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
  And ſoftens all our cares.

II.

Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
  And lights the ſacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
  And feeds the pure deſire.

III.

The wounded conſcience knows its power
  The healing balm to give;
That balm the ſaddeſt heart can cheer,
  And make the dying live.

IV.

Wide it unveils celeſtial worlds
  Where deathleſs pleaſures reign,
And bids us ſeek our portion there,
  Nor bids us ſeek in vain.

V.

Shews us the precious promiſe, ſeal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to reſt
Upon a faithful God.

IV.

There, there, unſhaken, may we reſt,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endleſs glory riſe.

HYMN CLXXIII.

A living and dead Faith compar'd.

I.

MISTAKEN ſouls! who dream of heaven,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys and ſins forgiven,
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

II.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Chriſt the living head.

III.

The faith, which purifies the heart,
The faith, which works by love,
Which bids our ſinful joys depart,
And lifts our thoughts above.

IV.

The faith which conquers earth and hell
By a celeſtial power;
This is the grace which ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

HYMN CLXXIV.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

I.

AWAKE my ſoul, lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes againſt thee riſe,
In long array, a numerous hoſt;
Awake my ſoul, or thou art loſt.

II.

Here giant danger threat'ning ſtands
Muſtering his pale terrific bands;
There pleaſure's ſilken banners ſpread,
And willing ſouls are captive led.

III.

See where rebellious paſſions rage,
And fierce deſires and luſts engage;
The meaneſt foe of all the train
Has thouſands and ten thouſands ſlain.

IV.

Thou tread'ſt upon enchanted ground,
Perils and ſnares beſet thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But moſt the traitor in thy heart.

V.

Come then, my ſoul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal ſhield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

VI.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of *Calvary* triumph'd here;
Why ſhould his faithful followers fear?

HYMN CLXXV.

The Law of Liberty.

James. i, 27.

Doddridge, N. 327.

I.

BEHOLD the glaſs the goſpel lends,
That men themſelves may view;
How free from ſtain its ſurface is!
How poliſh'd, and how true!

II.

Behold that wiſe, that perfect law,
Which nobleſt freedom gives;
O may it all our ſouls refine,
And ſanctify our lives.

III.

Not with a tranſient glance ſurvey'd,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inſcrib'd on ev'ry heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry thought.

IV.

Great author of each perfect gift,
Thy ſov'reign grace diſplay,
That each rebellious roving mind
May hearken and obey.

V.

Inſpir'd by thee our feeble ſouls
  Shall paſs victorious on,
As the faint dawning light improves
  To all the blaze of noon.

HYMN CLXXVI.

The Chriſtian's Reſolution.

Joſh. xxiv. 15.

I.

AH wretched ſouls, who ſtill remain
  Slaves to the world, and ſlaves to ſin!
A nobler toil may we ſuſtain,
A nobler ſatisfaction win.

II.

May we reſolve with all our heart,
With all our powers to ſerve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart.
Whoſe ſervice is a rich reward.

III.

O be his ſervice all our joy,
Around let our example ſhine,
Till others love the bleſs'd employ,
And join in labours ſo divine.

IV.

Be this the purpoſe of our ſoul,
Our ſolemn, our determin'd choice,
To yield to his ſupreme controul
And in his kind commands rejoice.

O may we never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his ſacred ways;
Great God, accept our ſoul's deſire,
And give us ſtrength to love thy praiſe.

HYMN CLXXVII.

The Chriſtian Race.

Heb. xii. 1.

Odd. N. 296.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul, ſtretch ev'ry nerve,
And preſs with vigour on;
An heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

II.

A cloud of witneſſes around
Hold thee in full ſurvey;
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

III.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
Which calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye.

IV.

That prize, with peerleſs glories bright
Which ſhall new luſtre boaſt,
When victor's wreaths, and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common duſt.

V.

My ſoul, with ſacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize purſue;
And meet with joy the high command
To bid this earth adieu.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

Holineſs eſſential to a chriſtian Character.

Tit. ii. 12, 13.

I.

SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

II.

Then ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the power of ſin,

III.

Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

IV.

Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of our LORD,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

HYMN CLXXIX.

Holineſs a neceſſary Qualification for Heaven.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

I.

NOR eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor ſenſe, nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd,
For thoſe who love the Son.

II.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory, in the word,
Allure and guide us home.

III.

Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

IV.

Thoſe holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, ſin and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the lamb.

HYMN CLXXX.

Bleſſed are the Poor in Spirit.

Math. v. 3.

I.

YE humble ſouls complain no more,
Let faith ſurvey your future ſtore,
How happy, how divinely bleſt,
The ſacred words of truth atteſt.

II,

When conſcious grief laments ſincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes
A bright reverſion in the ſkies.

III.

In vain the ſons of wealth and pride
Deſpiſe your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boaſt their little ſtores,
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*.

IV.

A kingdom of immenſe delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite
Where undeclining pleaſures riſe,
And every wiſh hath full ſupplies.

V.

A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
Tho' time ſweeps earthly thrones away,
The ſtate, which power and truth ſuſtain,
Unmov'd for ever muſt remain.

VI.

There ſhall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend who dy'd for you,
Who dy'd to ranſom, dy'd to raiſe
To crowns of joy and ſongs of praiſe.

VII.

Great God, to thee we breath our prayer,
If thou confirm our intereſt there;
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
Our largeſt wiſhes aſk no more.

HYMN CLXXXI.

The watchful Chriſtian.

Luke xii. 35.

Dodr. N°. 210.

I.

YE ſervants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Obſervant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

II.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame,
Gird up your loins, as in his ſight,
For awful is his name.

III.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we ſpeak he's near,
Mark the firſt ſignal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

IV.

O happy ſervant he,
In ſuch a poſture found!
He ſhall his Lord with rapture ſee,
And be with honour crown'd.

HYMN CLXXXII.

The Fruits of Righteouſneſs.

Prov. xii. 26.

I.

HOW glorious, Lord, art thou!
How bright thy ſplendors ſhine!
Whoſe rays, reflected, gild thy ſaints
With ornaments divine.

II.

With lowlineſs and love,
Wiſdom and courage meet;
The grateful heart and cheerful eye,
How amiable, how ſweet.

III.

In beauties ſuch as theſe,
Thy children now are dreſt,
But brighter habits ſhall they wear
In regions of the bleſt.

IV.

O God of *Iſrael*, hear,
And make this bliſs our own;
Make us the children of thy care,
The members of thy Son.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

The Happineſs of a real Chriſtian.

I.

HOW happy is the Chriſtian's ſtate!
His ſins are all forgiven,
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his ſoul to Heaven.

II.

Though in a rugged path of life
He heaves the penſive ſigh,
Yet, truſting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.

III.

If to prevent his wandering ſteps
He feels the chaſtening rod,
The gentle ſtroke ſhall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

IV.

And when the welcome meſſage comes
To call his ſoul away,
His ſoul in raptures ſhall aſcend
To everlaſting day.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

The hidden Life of a Chriſtian. Col. iii. 3.

I.

O Happy ſouls, who live on high,
While men lie groveling here
Their hopes are fix'd above the ſky,
And faith forbids their fear.

II.

Their conſcience knows no ſecret ſtings,
  While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whoſe holy ſprings
  Are hidden and divine.

III.

Their pleaſures riſe from things unſeen,
  Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
  Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

IV.

They want no pomp nor royal throne
  To raiſe their honors here;
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
  Till Chriſt their life appear.

HYMN CLXXXV.

The Chriſtian's Proſpect.

I.

HAPPY the ſoul, whoſe wiſhes climb
  To manſions in the ſkies!
He looks on all the joys of time
  With undeſiring eyes.

II.

In vain ſoft pleaſure ſpreads her charms,
  And throws her ſilken chain,
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
  And tempt his ear in vain.

III.

He knows that all theſe glittering things
  Muſt yield to ſure decay;
And ſees, on times extended wings,
  How ſwift they fleet away.

IV.

To things unſeen by mortal eyes
A beam of ſacred light
Directs his views, his proſpects riſe
All permanent and bright.

V.

His hopes, ſtill fix'd on joys to come,
Thoſe bliſsful ſcenes on high,
Shall flouriſh in immortal bloom
When time and nature die.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

The Crown of Righteouſneſs.

Heb. ii. 26.

I.

MY ſoul, with all thy waken'd powers,
Survey the heavenly prize,
Nor let theſe glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

II.

The joys and treaſures of a day
We cheerfully reſign,
Rich in that large immortal ſtore,
Secur'd by grace divine.

III.

Let fools our wiſer choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor ſcorn of men nor rage of hell
Our ſteadfaſt ſouls ſhall move.

IV.

With ardent eyes that bright reward
We daily will ſurvey,
And in the blooming proſpect loſe
The ſorrows of the way.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

Durable Riches.

Luke xii. 33.

I.

THESE mortal joys, how ſoon they fade!
How ſwift they paſs away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

II.

The bags are rent, the treaſures loſt
We fondly call'd our own,
Scarce the poſſeſſion could we boaſt
And ſtrait we found it gone.

III.

But there are joys which cannot die
With God laid up in ſtore,
Treaſure beyond the changing ſky,
Brighter than golden ore.

IV.

The ſeeds, which piety and love
Have ſcatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harveſts grow.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

The acceptable Sacrifice.

Micah vi. 8.

I.

WHerewith ſhall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

II.

Shall altars flame and victims bleed,
And ſpicy fumes aſcend?
Will theſe my earneſt wiſh ſucceed,
And make my God my friend?

III.

Oh! no, my ſoul, 'twere fruitleſs all,
Such off'rings are in vain.
No fatlings from the field or ſtall,
His favour can obtain.

IV.

To men their rights I muſt allow,
And proofs of kindneſs give;
To God with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.

V.

Hands that are clean, and hearts ſincere,
He never will deſpiſe:
And chearful duty he'll prefer
To coſtly ſacrifice.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

The acceptable Worſhipper.

Pſalm xv.

I.

LORD, who's the happy man, that may
To thy bleſt courts repair;
And, while he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there.

II.

'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The things his heart diſproves:

III.

Who never will a ſlander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe report,
By malice whiſper'd round:

IV.

Who vice, when dreſt in pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

V.

Who to his plighted vows and truſt
Hath ever firmly ſtood;
And, tho he promiſe to his loſs,
Still makes his promiſe good:

VI.

Who ſeeks not by oppreſſive ways
His wealth to multiply;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltleſs to deſtroy.

VII.

The man, who, by this ſteady courſe,
Hath happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundations ſhake, ſhall ſtand
By providence ſecur'd.

HYMN CXC.

The Citizen of Sion.

Pſalm xv.

I.

WHO ſhall to thy choſen ſeat
Turn in glad approach his feet;
Who, great God, a welcome gueſt
On thy hallow'd mountain reſt.

II.

He whoſe heart thy love has warm'd,
He whoſe will to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unſullied run;
He whoſe word and thought are one;

III.

He who ne'er with cruel aim
Seeks to wound an honeſt fame;
Nor to ſlander's tongue ſevere
Lends with eaſy faith his ear;

IV.

Who from ſervile terror free
Turns from thoſe who turn from thee;
And to each, who thee obeys,
Love and honour ever pays;

V.

What he ſwears with ſtedfaſt will
Ever ready to fulfil;
Nor can bribes his ſentence guide
'Gainſt the guiltleſs to decide;

VI.

He who thus with heart unſtain'd
Treads the path by thee ordain'd,
He, great God, ſhall own thy care,
And thy conſtant bleſſing ſhare.

HYMN CXCI.

The Citizen of Sion.

Pſalm xv.

I.

WHO ſhall aſcend the holy place,
And dwell before Jehovah's face?
The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

II.

Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe heart is clean,
Whoſe lips ſtill ſpeak the thing they mean;
Nor dares he break the oath he ſwears,
Whatever pain or loſs he bears.

III.

He never deals in bribing gold,
But mourns that juſtice ſhould be ſold;
And doth to all men ſtill the ſame,
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

IV.

Yet, when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CXCII.

Invitation to Sion.

Jer. l. 3.

Dodd. N° 137.

I.

ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither ſet your ſteady face,
With a determin'd will.

II.

Invite the ſtrangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And ſpread the ſentiments, you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

III.

O come, and to his temple haſte,
And ſeek his favour there;
Before his footſtool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

IV.

O come, and join your ſouls to God
In everlaſting bands,
And ſeize the bleſſings he beſtows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

HYMN CXCIII.

The Advantage of early Religion.

I.

HAPPY the ſoul whoſe early years
Receive inſtruction well;
Who hates the ſinners path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

II.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleaſing in his eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain ſacrifice.

III.

'Tis eaſier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While ſinners who grow old in ſin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

IV.

'Twill ſave us from a thouſand ſnares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preſerve our following years,
And make our virtue ſtrong.

HYMN CXCIV.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy Youth.

Eccleſ. xii. 1.

I.

IN the ſoft ſeaſon of thy youth,
In nature's ſmiling bloom,
E'er age arrive and trembling wait
Its ſummons to the tomb.

II.

Remember thy Creator God;
For him thy pow'rs employ,
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

III.

He ſhall defend and guide thy courſe
Thro' life's uncertain ſea,
Till thou art landed on the ſhore
Of bleſt eternity.

IV.

Then ſeek the Lord betimes, and chuſe
The path of heavenly truth,
The earth affords no lovelier ſight
Than a religious youth.

HYMN CXCV.

Gravity and Decency.

I.

BEHOLD the ſons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with *Jeſus'* blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And ſhall they ſtoop to earthly toys?

II.

Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were ſpirits of celeſtial kind
Made for a jeſt, for ſport, and play,
To wear out time, and waſte the day?

III.

Doth vain diſcourſe, or empty mirth
Well ſuit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

IV.

What if we wear the richeſt veſt,
Peacocks and flies are better dreſt;
This fleſh, with all its gaudy forms,
Muſt drop to duſt, and feed the worms.

V.

Lord, raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher;
Touch all our ſouls with ſacred fire;
Then, with a heaven directed eye,
We'll paſs theſe glittering trifles by.

VI.

We'll look on all the toys below
With ſuch diſdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us riſe
To manſion's promis'd in the ſkies.

HYMN CXCVI.

Contentment.

I.

IF ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſts this jewel lies,
Unwiſe are they who roam;
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own-ſelves our joys muſt flow
And peace begins at home.

II.

We'll therefore reliſh with content
Whate'er kind providence hath ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
And, if our ſtore of wealth be ſmall,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

III.

To be reſign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
This is the wiſe, the virtuous part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance reaches heav'n.

IV.

Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

V.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall when all other comforts ceaſe
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

HYMN CXCVII.

Patience. James i. 4.

I.

PATIENCE, O 'tis a grace divine
Sent from the God of pow'r and love,
That leans upon its fathers arm
As thro' the wilds of life we rove.

II.

By patience we ſerenely bear
The troubles of our mortal ſtate,
And wait contented our diſcharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

III.

O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breaſt,
Till life's tumultuous voyage o'er
We reach the ſhores of endleſs reſt.

IV.

Faith into viſion ſhall reſign,
Hope ſhall in full fruition die,
And patience in poſſeſſion end
In the bright worlds of bliſs on high.

HYMN CXCVIII.

Prudence.

I.

O 'Tis a lovely thing to ſee
A man of prudent heart,
Whoſe thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a uſeful part.

II.

When envy, ſtrife and wars begin
In little angry ſouls;
Mark how the ſons of peace come in.
And quench the kindling coals.

III.

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their anger riſe;
Nor paſſion moves their lips to ſpeak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

IV.

Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the ſerpent with the dove,
But caſt the ſting away.

V.

Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleaſures he purſued;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His ſoul divinely good.

HYMN CXCIX.

Equity.

I.

MY ſoul abjure the accurſed throng,
Whoſe proſp'ring wealth increaſes faſt
By fraud, by violence, and wrong,
Still thriving for the thunders blaſt.

II.

If high or low my ſtation be,
Of noble, or ignoble name,
By uncorrupted honeſty
Thy bleſſing, Lord, I'd humbly claim.

III.

Enrich'd with that, no want I'll fear,
Thy providence ſhall be my truſt;
Thou wilt provide my portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the juſt.

IV.

Oh may I with ſincere delight
To all the taſk of duty pay;
Tender of every ſocial right,
Obedient to thy righteous ſway.

V.

Such virtue thou wilt not forget
In worlds where every virtue ſhares
A fit reward, tho' not of debt,
But what thy boundleſs grace prepares.

HYMN CC.

Liberality.

Pſalm cxii.

I.

HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

II.

As pity dwells within his breaſt
To all the ſons of need,
So God ſhall anſwer his requeſt
With bleſſings on his ſeed.

III.

No evil tidings ſhall ſurpriſe
His well eſtabliſh'd mind,
His ſoul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

IV.

In times of general diſtreſs
Some beams of light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And give him peace divine.

V.

His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord,
Honour on earth and joy above
Shall be his ſure reward.

HYMN CCI.

Chriſtian Unity.

Gal. iii. 28.

I.

LET party ſtrife no more
The chriſtian world o'erſpread,
Gentile and Jew, and Bond and Free,
Are one in Chriſt their head.

II.

Among the ſaints on earth
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

III.

Let diſcord, child of hell,
Be baniſh'd far away,
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

IV.

Thus will the Church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN CCII.

Brotherly Love.

I.

O God our father, and our king,
Of all we have or hope, the ſpring;
Send down thy ſpirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love.

II.

May we from every act abſtain,
That hurts or gives our neighbour pain,
And ev'ry ſecret wiſh ſuppreſs
That would abridge his happineſs.

III.

Still may we feel our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all our kind,
Still ſeek their ſafety, health and eaſe,
Virtue, eternal life and peace.

IV.

With pity let our breaſt o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a ſympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.

V.

Let love in all our conduct ſhine,
An image fair, tho' faint of thine;
Thus may we Chriſt's diſciples prove
Who came to manifeſt thy love.

HYMN CCIII.

Love to Mankind recommended by Chriſt.

John xiii. 34, 35.

I.

BEHOLD where breathing love divine
Our dying maſter ſtands!
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his laſt commands.

II.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

III.

Bleſt is the man whoſe ſoft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the ſupplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:

IV.

Whoſe breaſt expands with generous warmth
A ſtrangers woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

V.

He ſpreads his kind ſupporting arms
To every child of grief;
His ſecret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

VI.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never ſlow;
He views thro' mercies melting eye
A brother in a foe.

VII.

Peace from the boſom of his God,
Sweet peace to him is giv'n,
And when he kneels before the throne,
His pray'r aſcends to heav'n.

VIII.

To him protection ſhall be ſhewn;
And mercy from above
Deſcend on thoſe who thus fulfil
The perfect law of of love.

HYMN CCIV.

Religion vain without Love.

1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

HAD we the tongues of Greeks or Jews,
And nobler ſpeech than Angels uſe,
If love be wanting, we are found,
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

II.

Were we inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could our faith the world remove,
Still we are nothing without love.

III.

Should we diſtribute all our ſtore
To cheer the bowels of the poor,
Or give our bodies to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

IV.

If love to God and love to Man
Be abſent, all our hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CCV.

Domeſtic Love.

Pſalm cxxxiii.

I.

LO what an entertaining ſight
Are kindred who agree!
How bleſt the houſe, where hearts unite
In bands of piety!

II.

Where ſtreams of love from heav'nly ſprings
Deſcend to every ſoul,
And ſacred peace with balmy wings
Shades and bedews the whole.

III.

All in their proper ſtations move,
And each fulfils his part,
In all the cares of life and love
With ſympathizing heart.

IV.

Their ſouls are form'd for joy and peace,
  Their hearts and hopes are one,
And kind deſires to ſerve and pleaſe
  Thro' all their actions run.

V.

How happy is the pious houſe,
  Where zeal and friendſhip meet,
Where ſongs of praiſe and mingled vows
  Make the communion ſweet.

VI.

Such pleaſure crowns the heav'nly hills,
  Thus ſaints are bleſt above,
Where joy like morning dew diſtills,
  And all the air is love.

HYMN. CCVI.

The Beatitudes.

Matt. v.

I.

BLESS'D are the humble ſouls who ſee
  Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

II.

Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
From heaven the ſtreams of mercy flow
An healing balm for all their woe.

III.

Bleſs'd are the men who thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams, and living bread.

IV.

Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.

V

Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From God, their Lord, ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.

VI.

Bleſs'd are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure ſhall they ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.

VII.

Bleſs'd are the men who now partake
Of ſhame and pain for Jeſus' ſake;
Their ſouls, exulting in the Lord,
Shall ſhare at laſt a juſt reward.

HYMN CCVII.

The different Character and State of the Righteous and wicked.

Pſalm i.

I.

HOW greatly bleſs'd the man, whoſe ear
The ſinner's counſel ſhuns to hear,
And, where the ſons of folly ſtray,
Declines with ſtudious ſteps the way.

II.

Nor frantic mirth he deigns to ſhare,
Nor ſits he in the ſcorner's chair,
His heart, poſſeſs'd with ſacred awe,
Daily revolves God's holy law.

III.

Like a fair tree, that taught to grow
Where living ſtreams of water flow,
His fruitful branch he rears on high,
Nor fears a ſickening autumn nigh.

IV.

Whate'er his ready thoughts deviſe,
He joyful to the work applies,
Still ſure to find the wiſh'd ſucceſs,
Repay his hope, his labour bleſs.

V.

Thy judge, O Earth, ſhall quickly come,
And to each ſoul aſſign its doom;
Think you that then the impious band
Shall with the juſt aſſembled ſtand?

VI.

Ah no! th' Almighty, theſe alone,
The objects of his love will own,
While all who now his laws defie
Shall whelm'd in utter ruin lie.

HYMN CCVIII.

The different Character and State of the Righteous and Wicked.

Pſalm i.

I.

O HOW bleſt the man, whoſe ear
Impious counſel ſhuns to hear,
Who nor loves, nor treads the way
Where the ſons of folly ſtray:

II.

Who nor thoughtleſs dares to ſtand
Social with th' opprobrious band,
Nor their frantic mirth to ſhare,
Seated in deriſion's chair.

III.

But, poſſeſs'd with ſacred awe,
Meditates, great God, thy law;
This by day his fix'd employ,
This by night his conſtant joy.

IV.

Like the tree, that's taught to grow
Where the ſtreams refreſhing flow,
He his fruitful branch ſhall ſpread,
Nor his ſickening leaves ſhall ſhed.

V.

He, whate'er his thoughts deviſe,
Joyful to the work applies,
Sure to find the wiſh'd ſucceſs
Crown his hope, his labour bleſs.

VI.

When thy Judge, O Earth, ſhall come,
And to each aſſign his doom,
Say ſhall then the impious band
With the juſt aſſembled ſtand?

VII.

Theſe th' Almighty, theſe alone,
Objects of his love ſhall own;
While his precepts who defy
Whelm'd in utter ruin lie.

HYMN CCIX.

The Invitation of Wiſdom.

Prov. i. 2. 3

I.

'TIS wiſdom's earneſt cry,
Wiſdom, the voice of God,
To young and old, to low and high,
She ſounds his will abroad.

II.

Within the human breaſt
Her ſtrong monitions plead;
She thunders her divine proteſt
Againſt th' unrighteous deed.

III.

Within the holy place
She ſtretches out her hand,
"O ſinners, liſten to my grace,
"Ye ſimple, underſtand.

IV.

"Man's progeny I love,
"In mercy I chaſtiſe,
"Severely faithful I reprove,
"Hear, mortals, and be wiſe.

V.

"My houſe, a royal pile,
"Invites you thro' its gate,
"O leave the wilds of ſin and guile,
"And enter, ere too late.

VI.

"My joy unſenſual, taſte,
"Come, drink of wiſdom's wine;
"No ſorrow poiſons the repaſt,
"The banquet is divine.

VII.

"Honour and peace with me
"And joys immortal dwell;
"Your ways of woe and infamy
"Take hold on death and hell."

HYMN CCX.

Sinners invited to return.

Jer. iv. 1, 2.

I.

IT is the Lord of glory calls,
Let every ſinner hear,
"Stop, ye revolters, in your courſe,
"And hearken, and come near.

II.

"What tho in ſin's deluſive paths
"Ye from your youth have ſtray'd,
"What tho' my meſſages of love
"Have been with ſcorn repay'd;

III.

"Yet now return, and grace divine
"Your wanderings ſhall forget,
"If loyal zeal and love dethrone
"Each idol from its ſeat.

IV.

"Return and dwell ſecure on earth
"As in your Lord's embrace,
"Till in the land of perfect joy
"Ye find a nobler place."

V.

May ev'ry wand'ring ſoul return,
Subdu'd by ſuch a call;
O let the hand of grace divine
Reduce, and bleſs us all.

HYMN CCXI.

The Bleſſedneſs of true Penitence.

Pſalm xxxii.

I.

BEYOND expreſſion bleſt is he
Whoſe num'rous ſins are cover'd o'er;
The humble ſoul to whom the Lord
Imputes his guilty deeds no more.

II.

He mourns his ſinful follies paſt,
And keeps his heart with conſtant care;
His lips and life, without deceit,
Shall prove his penitence ſincere.

III.

The man who hides his conſcious guilt,
Shall pine beneath a ſecret wound;
But he who owns, and leaves his faults,
With peace and pardon ſhall be crown'd.

IV.

The Lord hath built a throne of grace,
Free to diſpenſe his mercies there,
That ſinners may approach his face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

HYMN CCXII.

The one Thing needful.

Luke. x. 42.

Dodder. M. 206.

I.

WHY will ye laviſh out your years
Amidſt a thouſand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.

II.

Why will ye chaſe the fleeting wind,
And famiſh an immortal mind,
While angels with regret look down
To ſee you ſpurn an heav'nly crown.

III.

The eternal God calls from above,
And Jeſus pleads his bleeding love,
Awaken'd conſcience gives you pain,
And ſhall they join their pleas in vain?

IV.

Not ſo your dying eyes ſhall view
Thoſe objects which ye now purſue,
Not ſo ſhall heav'n and hell appear,
When the deciſive hour is near.

V.

Almighty God, thy pow'r impart
To fix conviction on the heart,
Thy pow'r unveils the blindeſt eyes,
And makes the haughtieſt ſcorner wiſe.

HYMN CCXIII.

The Goſpel Invitation to penitent Sinners.

Matt. xi. 28.

I.

COME, weary ſouls with ſin diſtreſt,
To you is offer'd heavenly reſt,
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

II.

Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and ſpread your woes abroad,
Divine compaſſion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.

III.

Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon, and life, and endleſs peace,
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

IV.

Come and accept, with thankful hearts,
The hope which heavenly grace imparts,
O come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

V.

Great God, O may thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And ſweetly influence every breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

HYMN CCXIV.

Now is the Day of Salvation.

2 Cor. vi. 2.

I.

THE ſwift declining day,
How faſt its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy ſhade
Gains on the weſtern ſky.

II.

Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And uſe the hours of light;
And know its maker can command
An inſtantaneous night.

III.

His word blots out the ſun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from ſmiling vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.

IV.

On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet may quickly ſlide,
And from its dreadful ſummit daſh
Your momentary pride.

V.

Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling ſphere;
Submiſſive at his footſtool bow,
And ſeek ſalvation there.

VI.

Then ſhall new luſtre break
Through the ſurrounding gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celeſtial home.

HYMN CCXV.

To-day if ye will hear his Voice.

Heb. iii. 15.

Doddr. N. 309.

I.

THE Lord Jehovah calls,
Be every ear inclin'd;
May ſuch a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

II.

If he in thunder ſpeaks,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But milder accents here proclaim
The condeſcending God.

III.

O harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day;
Leſt, e'er to-morrow's earlieſt dawn,
He call your ſouls away.

IV.

Almighty God pronounce
The word of conquering grace;
So ſhall the flint diſſolve to tears,
And ſinners ſeek thy face.

HYMN CCXVI.

The God of Mercy.

Exod. xxxiv, 6, 7.

I.

BLEST be the grace which did proclaim,
O Lord of hoſts, thy holy name;
" The Lord, the gracious Lord,
" Long-ſuffering, merciful, and kind,
" The God who always bears in mind
" His everlaſting word.

II.

" Plenteous he is in truth and grace,
" He wills that all our ſinful race
" Should turn, repent, and live;
" His pardoning grace for all is free,
" Tranſgreſſion, Sin, Iniquity
" He freely doth forgive. "

III.

O then that every ſinful ſoul,
By faith and penitence made whole,
May know their ſins forgiven,
The proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel grace,
The antepaſt of heaven!

IV.

Be this our one great buſineſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and care
  Our future bliſs to enſure,
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
  And to the end endure.

V.

Then, Lord, wilt thou our ſouls receive
Tranſported from this vale, to live,
  To reign with thee above,
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full ſupreme delight
  And everlaſting love.

HYMN CCXVII.

The Penitent reſtored.

Job xxxiii. 27.

I.

THE Lord from his exalted throne,
  In majeſty array'd,
Looks with forgiving pity down
  On all who ſeek his aid.

II.

When, touch'd with penitent remorſe,
  Our follies paſt we mourn,
With what a tenderneſs of love
  He meets our firſt return!

III.

From death and hell he leads us up
By a delightful way,
And the bright beams of endleſs life
Doth round our path diſplay.

IV.

Great God, we wonder and adore,
And, to exalt ſuch grace,
We long to learn the ſongs of heav'n
Ere yet we reach the place.

HYMN CCXVIII.

Pardoning Grace.

Iſaiah xliv. 22, 23.

Doddridge, N. 103.

I.

LET heaven burſt forth into a ſong,
Let earth reflect the joyful ſound,
Ye mountains, with the echo ring,
And ſhout, ye foreſts, all around.

II.

The Lord his *Iſrael* hath redeem'd,
Hath made his mourning people glad,
And the rich glories of his name
In their ſalvation hath diſplay'd.

III.

Unnumber'd ſins, like ſable clouds,
Veil'd every cheerful ray of joy,
And thunders murmur'd thro the gloom,
While lightnings pointed to deſtroy.

IV.

He ſpoke, and all the clouds diſpers'd,
And heaven unveil'd its ſhining face;
The whole creation ſmil'd anew,
Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.

V.

Iſrael, return with humble love,
Return to thy Redeemer's breaſt,
And charm'd by his melodious voice,
Compoſe thy weary powers to reſt.

HYMN CCXIX.

Acceſs to God thro' Chriſt.

Epheſ. ii. 13.

Dodd. N. 208.

I.

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at diſtance ſtood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did *Jeſus* ſhed his blood?

II.

O for a ſong of ardent praiſe
To bear our ſouls above!
What ſhould allay our lively hope
Or damp our flaming love!

III.

Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here may we ſee thy glories ſhine,
And taſte thy mercies here.

IV.

Fir'd with the theme, our ſouls ſhall riſe
In ſuch a ſcene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That ſhall compleat our bliſs.

HYMN CCXX.

The Shortneſs of human Life.

I.

FRAIL is the ſtate of mortal man,
His life's a ſhade, his days a ſpan,
He can't prolong his vital breath,
Nor 'ſcape the unerring ſhaft of death.

II,

Soon he declines from youth to age,
And paſſes ſwiftly o'er the ſtage;
Swift from the cradle to the tomb,
From ſprightly ſpring to winter's gloom.

III.

Be ever watchful, then, my ſoul,
While days, and months, and ſeaſons roll;
Redeem the preſent fleeting hour,
Improve it while 'tis in thy power.

IV.

That when this tranſient life's no more,
And all its joys and cares are o'er,
From death's dark vale thou may'ſt ariſe
To nobler manſions in the ſkies.

V.

There on the bright celeſtial plains,
An everlaſting verdure reigns,
There, blooming in eternal ſpring,
The hoſts of heaven their anthems ſing.

HYMN CCXXI.

The Frailty of human Life.

I.

LO what a feeble frame is ours!
How vain a thing is man!
How frail are all our boaſted pow'rs!
And ſhort at beſt our ſpan.

II.

Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air;
Or as a kindling meteor dies,
Ere it can well appear;

III.

So paſs our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race,
In vain we aſk a moment's ſtay,
Nor will it ſlack its pace.

IV.

But Lord, what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath!
For ſoon this dying life will end
In endleſs life, or death.

V.

Oh! make us truly wiſe to learn
How very frail we are;
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare:

VI.

May think of death, and learn to die
To all inferior things;
Whilſt our glad ſouls ſtill ſoaring fly
Tow'rds life's eternal ſprings.

VII.

Then may we bid our years roll on,
And time make haſte away;
The ſooner will our ſouls be gone
To endleſs life and day.

HYMN CCXXII.

So teach us to number our Days, that we may apply our Hearts unto Wiſdom.

Pſalm xc. 12.

Todd. N°. 329.

I.

TO-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy ſovereign hand;
And if its ſun ariſe and ſhine,
It ſhines by thy command.

II.

The preſent moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy ſervants truly wiſe,
That they may live to day.

III.

Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

IV.

One thing demands our care;
O be it ſtill purſu'd!
Leſt, ſlighted once, the ſeaſon fair
Should never be renew'd.

V.

To thee O may we fly
Swift as the morning light;
Leſt life's young golden beams ſhould die
In ſudden endleſs night.

HYMN CCXXIII.

Redeeming the Time.

Epheſ. v. 15.

I.

GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law;

II.

Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the current flows,
Loſt in eternity's vaſt ſea,
The boundleſs gulph from whence it roſe;

III.

With it the thoughtleſs ſons of men
Before the rapid ſtreams are borne
On to that everlaſting home,
Whence not one ſoul can e'er return.

IV.

Yet while the ſhore on either ſide
Preſents a gaudy flatt'ring ſhew,
They gaze, in fond amuſement loſt,
Nor think to what a world they go.

V.

Great ſource of wiſdom, teach our heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its meaſure and its power.

HYMN CCXXIV.

It is appointed unto all Men once to die.

Heb. ix. 27.

Dodr. N°. 27.

I.

BEHOLD the path which mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments ſtay,
Nor can we meaſure back our way.

II.

Our kindred and our friends are gone,
Know, O my ſoul, this doom thine own,
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The ſame my way, my home the ſame.

III.

From vital air, from chearful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night;
From ſcenes of duty, means of grace,
I muſt to God's tribunal paſs.

IV.

Awake, my ſoul, thy way prepare,
And loſe in this each mortal care,
With ſteady feet that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.

V.

Then ſhall I ſmile ſecure from fear,
Tho' death ſhould blaſt the riſing year;
And joy to meet the bliſsful ſhore,
From whence I ſhall return no more.

HYMN CCXXV.

Death the Lot of all Mankind.

I.

DEATH calls our friends, our neighbours hence,
And none reſiſt the fatal dart;
Continual warnings ſtrike our ſenſe,
And ſhall they fail to reach our heart.

II.

That awful hour will ſoon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies;
When all that pains or pleaſes here,
Will vaniſh from our cloſing eyes.

III.

Lord of our life inſpire our heart
With heavenly ardor, grace divine;
Nor let thy preſence e'er depart,
For ſtrength, and life, and death are thine.

IV.

O teach us the celeſtial ſkill
Each awful warning to improve;
And while our days are ſhort'ning ſtill
Prepare us for the joys above.

HYMN CCXXVI.

Mortality.

Job, vii. 8.

I.

SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thouſands die!
One glance from thee, at once, brings down
The proudeſt brow that wears a crown.

II.

Baniſh'd at once from human ſight,
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Impriſon'd in that duſty bed,
We hide our ſolitary head.

III.

The friendly band no more ſhall greet,
Accents familiar once, and ſweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

IV.

Yet if our father's faithful hand
Conduct us thro' this gloomy land;
Our ſouls with pleaſure ſhall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

V.

He, nobler friends than here we leave,
In brighter ſurer worlds can give;
Or, by the beamings of his eye,
A loſt creation well ſupply.

HYMN CCXXVII.

Our Fathers, where are they!

Zech. i. 5.

Dodd. N. 164.

I.

HOW ſwift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the ſea!
The tide that bears along our ſouls
To vaſt eternity!

II.

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.

III.

But joy or grief ſucceeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their duſt
Lies in the grave forgot.

IV.

God of our Fathers hear,
Thou everlaſting friend!
While we, as on life's utmoſt verge,
Our ſouls to thee commend.

V.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footſteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

God our Guardian in Life and Death.

I.

THY everlaſting truth,
Father, thy ceaſeleſs love
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What beſt for each will prove.

II.

And whatſoe'er thou will'ſt
Thou do'ſt, O King of Kings;
What thine unerring wiſdom choſe,
Thy power to being brings.

III.

Thou every where haſt way,
And all things ſerve thy might;
Thy every act pure bleſſing is,
Thy path unſullied light.

IV.

When thou ariſeſt, Lord,
What ſhall thy work withſtand?
When all thy children want thou giv'ſt,
Who, who ſhall ſtay thine hand?

V.

Thou ſee'ſt our weakneſs, Lord
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the ſinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

VI.

Let us in life, and death,
Thy ſtedfaſt truth declare,
And publiſh with our lateſt breath
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN CCXXIX.

Comfort in Sickneſs and Death.

I.

WHEN ſickneſs ſhakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleaſure flies;
Phantoms of bliſs no more obſcure
Our long deluded eyes.

II.

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal ſcepter ſhews;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

III.

The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into duſt;
Nature ſhall faint, but learn my ſoul,
On nature's God to truſt.

IV.

The man, whoſe pious heart is fix'd
On his all gracious God,
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
And kiſs the chaſt'ning rod.

V.

Nor him ſhall death itſelf alarm;
On heav'n his ſoul relies;
With joy he views his maker's love,
And with compoſure dies.

HYMN CCXXX.

The Hope of future Bleſſedneſs.

I.

COME ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround his throne.

II.

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our God;
But ſervants of the heavenly king
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

III.

The God who rules on high,
And all the earth ſurveys,
Who rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And calms the raging ſeas:

IV.

This awful God is ours
The God of endleſs love,
He will ſend down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.

V.

There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

VI.

Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

VII.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

VIII.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' this preſent world
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN CCXXXI.

The Hope of a future Life confirm'd by the Reſurrection of Chriſt.

I.

WHY ſhould our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the duſt?
Or why ſhould ſtreams of tears unite
Around the expiring juſt?

II.

Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord aſcend on high,
And prove his power to ſave?

III.

Doth not the ſacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the ſaints?
And ſhould the temples of his grace
Reſound with long complaints?

IV.

Awake, ye ſaints, who dwell in duſt,
Your hymns of vict'ry ſing
And let his dying ſervants truſt
Their ever-living king.

HYMN CCXXXII.

A View of Futurity.

I.

NOW let our ſouls, on wings ſublime,
Riſe from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil and ſee
The glories of eternity.

II.

Born by a new celeſtial birth,
Why ſhould we grovel here on earth?
Why graſp at tranſitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

III.

Shall ought beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For ſtrangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

IV.

Welcome ſweet hour of full diſcharge,
That ſets our longing ſouls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

V.

To dwell with God, to feel his love
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the ſweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

The Proſpect of Heaven a Support under Trials on Earth.

I.

COME on, ye partners in diſtreſs,
Who, journeying thro' the wilderneſs,
Its cares and ſorrows feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To yon celeſtial hill.

II.

Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace,
Look forward to that happy place,
The ſaint's ſecure abode;
On faith's ſtrong eagle pinions riſe,
And force your paſſage to the ſkies,
And ſcale the mount of God.

III.

High on a throne of radiant light,
Too powerful for created ſight,
Reigns the Eternal One;
His praiſes all heavens hoſt employ,
Who ſhout aloud the burſting joy
Before the ſacred throne.

IV.

See *Jeſus* there in glory ſtands,
Head of the churches glorious bands
Who join the angelic powers;
Lo all that height of glorious bliſs
Our everlaſting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

V.

Who ſuffer with our maſter here,
We ſhall before his throne appear,
And by his ſide ſit down;
To patient faith the prize is ſure,
And all who to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

VI.

Thrice bleſſed bliſs—inſpiring hope!
It lifts the fainting ſpirit up!
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt
Triumphant with our head.

VII.

The great myſterious deity
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee;
The beatific ſight
Shall fill the heavenly court with praiſe
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

The Proſpect of Heaven a Support in Death.

I.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

II.

There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

III.

Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſs'd in living green;
So to the Jews old *Canaan* ſtood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between;

IV.

But fearful mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger ſhivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

V.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the *Canaan* that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

VI.

Could we but climb where *Moſes* ſtood,
And view the landſkip o'er,
Not *Jordan's* ſtreams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the ſhore.

HYMN CCXXXV.

The promis'd land.

Iſaiah xxxiii. 17.

I.

FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of earth
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

II.

Fair diſtant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our ſpirits long to riſe,
And dwell on earth no more!

III.

There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns!

IV.

No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from the ſacred throne,
Spreads everlaſting day.

VI.

O may the heavenly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and ſtrong deſire
Bear every thought above.

VII.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

Chriſt appointed to judge the world.

Matt. xxv.

I.

THE exalted Saviour ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt the ſov'reign orders ſpread,
Thro' diſtant worlds and regions of the dead;
The trumpet ſounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with chearful voices.

II.

No more ſhall ſinners mock the long delay,
Lo juſtice ſleeps no more, behold the day,
Behold the Judge deſcends, his guards are nigh,
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky;
Judgment begins, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Liſt up your heads, ye ſaints with chearful voices.

III.

"Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come
"To hear my juſtice, and the ſinners doom;
"But gather firſt my ſaints, the Judge commands,
"Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands;"
When Chriſt returns, wake every chearful paſſion,
And ſhout ye ſaints, he comes for your ſalvation.

IV.

"Here (ſaith the Lord) ye angels ſpread their thrones
"And near me ſeat my Father's favourite ſons;
"Ye bleſſed come, receive his rich reward,
"Ere time began, for faithful ſouls prepar'd.
Judgment proceeds, ye ſaints join all your voices,
Raiſe your triumphant ſongs, for heaven rejoices.

V.

"Approach my throne, ye wicked and profane,
"Receive your doom, nor call my threat'nings vain:
"No longer lodge the impious thought within,
"That the All-holy will indulge your ſin;"
"*God is the judge of hearts, no fair diſguiſes*
"*Can ſcreen the guilty, when his vengeance riſes:*

VI.

" Silent he waited, with long-ſuff'ring love;
" You vainly hop'd that he would ne'er reprove;
" But ſee his vengeance wakes, his thunder rolls;
" And conſcious guilt condemns your wretched ſouls;
Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heaven rejoices.
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with chearful voices.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

The ſecond Advent.

Heb. ix. 28.

I.

HE comes, he comes, the Judge draws near,
The ſeventh trumpet bids prepare;
Tho' light'nings flaſh and thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

II.

From heaven angelic voices ſound,
See the exalted *Jeſus* crown'd,
Endued with majeſty and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

III.

Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the nations for his own,
The nations all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord.

IV.

Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the moſt high,
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

Lo, He comes!

I.

LO! he comes, from heav'n deſcending,
Sent to judge both quick and dead,
Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels
See our great exalted head;
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

II.

Full of awful expectation,
All before the judge appear;
Truth and juſtice go before him,
Now the joyful ſentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

III.

"Come ye bleſſed of my Father,
"Enter into life and joy;
"Baniſh all your fear and ſorrow,
"Endleſs praiſe be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the ſkies.

IV.

Now at once they riſe to glory,
Jeſus brings them to the King;
There with all the hoſt of heaven,
They eternal anthems ſing;
Hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

For the Communion.

The Memorial of our abſent Lord.

I.

JESUS is gone above the ſkies,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thruſt the Saviour from our thought.

II.

He knew what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his wond'rous grace,
And therefore theſe memorials gave,
Till we aſcend to ſee his face.

III.

The Prince of Peace this table ſpread,
In mem'ry of his death and love;
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And gain a taſte of joys above.

IV.

While he is abſent from our ſight,
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place,
That we might dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

HYMN CCXL.

The Sufferings of Chriſt.

I.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper ſorrows of our Lord,
While baſe reproach and ſore diſgrace,
And ſhame defil'd his ſacred face.

II.

The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man who check'd their ſin,
While he fulfill'd God's holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cauſe.

III.

His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blaſphemies,
They nail'd him to the ſhameful tree,
There hung the man, who dy'd for me.

IV.

They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till ſtreams of blood each other meet,
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

V.

But God, his Father, heard his cry,
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high,
To give his ſaints a bleſt abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

HYMN CCXLI.

The Attraction of the Croſs.

John xii. 32.

Dodd. N. 233.

I.

BEHOLD th' amazing ſight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
In blood and anguiſh die!

II.

For whom, my ſoul, for whom
Were all theſe ſorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing ſmart,
And meet that various ſcorn?

III.

For ſinners 'twas he bled,
And all in torture dy'd;
'Twas love, that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his guſhing ſide.

IV.

We ſee, and we admire,
In ſympathy of love;
We feel the ſtrong attractive power
To lift our ſouls above.

V.

In him our hearts unite,
Nor ſhare his griefs alone;
But from his croſs purſue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

HYMN CCXLII.

Chriſt's Death and Exaltation.

Bodl. N. 194.

I.

YE humble ſouls, who ſeek the Lord,
Chaſe all your fears away,
And bow with pleaſure down to ſee
The place where *Jeſus* lay.

II.

Freely for us his life reſign'd!
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that boſom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

III.

A moment give a looſe to grief,
Let grateful ſorrows riſe,
And waſh the bloody ſtains away
With torrents from your eyes.

IV.

Then dry your tears, and tune your ſongs,
The Saviour lives again,
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

V.

Amidſt the angelic bands he rears
His once diſhonor'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he lives,
Who dwelt amongſt the dead.

VI.

With joy like his ſhall every ſaint
The vale of death ſurvey,
Then riſe with his aſcending Lord
To realms of endleſs day.

HYMN CCXLIII.

Behold the Lamb of God!

John. i. 36.

I.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
The holy Baptiſt cries;
Whilſt joy inſpir'd his pious breaſt,
And ſparkled in his eyes.

II.

Let us behold the Lamb,
In him no ſpot we ſee;
How patient, gentle, meek and mild!
From guile, from error free.

III.

See *Jeſus*, like a Lamb
Led to the ſacrifice;
And ſilent as the ſheep, who dumb
Before his ſhearer lies.

IV.

This Lamb of God, let us
In mem'ry ſtill retain:
Come chearful to the goſpel feaſt;
Your paſſover is ſlain.

V.

Behold this ſpotleſs Lamb!
And mark the path he trod;
That bleſſed road will ſurely lead
To happineſs and God.

HYMN CCXLIV.

Submiſſion to the divine Will enforced by the Example of Chriſt.

Dodd. N. 190.

I.

"FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
Whilſt horrors preſt on ev'ry ſide,
And proſtrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away;

II.

"But if theſe pangs muſt ſtill be borne,
"Or hapleſs man be left forlorn,
"I bow myſelf before thy throne,"
And ſay, "Thy will, not mine be done."

III.

Thus our ſubmiſſive ſouls would bow,
And, taught by *Jeſus*, lie as low,
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would ſay, "Thy will, not ours be done."

IV.

Then, tho' like him in duſt we lie,
We'll view the bliſsful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

HYMN CCXLV.

A Baptiſmal Hymn.

I.

I Come, the great Redeemer cries,
To do thy will, O Lord;
At Jordan's flood behold he ſeals
The ſure prophetic word.

II.

"Thus it becomes us to fulfil
"All righteouſneſs;" he ſaid;
He ſpake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.

III.

See! as he riſes from the flood
The opening heaven divides;
Dove-like the Holy Ghoſt deſcends,
And on his head abides.

IV.

Hark! a glad voice, the Father ſpeaks
From heav'n's exalted height;
"This is my Son, my well belov'd,
"My joy, my chief delight."

V.

Jeſus, the Saviour well belov'd!
His name we will profeſs,
Like him deſirous to fulfil
Each law of righteouſneſs.

VI.

No more we'll count ourſelves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
O may ſuch bonds for ever draw
Our ſouls to things above.

HYMN CCXLVI.

A Baptiſmal Hymn.

Rom. vi. 4.

I.

ALmighty God, whoſe bleſſed will was done
By Jeſus Chriſt thy well beloved ſon,
Who death o'ercame and open'd unto men
The gate of everlaſting life again.

II.

Grant, Lord, that we baptiz'd into his death
May die to all allurements here beneath,
Riſen with him, may we in faith and love
Have our affections fix'd on things above.

III.

Send us thy light, and arm us for the ſtrife
Againſt each evil of this mortal life,
O'er which our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, thy Son,
By thine all-pow'rful aid the conqueſt won.

IV.

That, when in glory our victorious Head
Shall come to judge the living and the dead,
We may with him to life immortal riſe,
Thro' all eternity to ſing thy praiſe.

HYMN CCXLVII.

An Hymn after Baptiſm.

I.

'PRoclaim,' ſaith Chriſt, 'God's wond'rous grace
'To all the ſons of men;
'He who believes, and is baptiz'd
'Salvation ſhall obtain.'

II.

Let plenteous grace deſcend on thoſe,
Who, hoping in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That *Jeſus* is their Lord.

III.

With chearful feet may they go on,
And run the chriſtian race,
And in the troubles of the way
Find all-ſufficient grace.

IV.

And when the awful meſſage comes
To call their ſouls away,
May they be found prepar'd to live
In realms of endleſs day.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

A practical Improvement of Baptiſm.

Col. iii. 1.

I.

ATTEND, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
Let accents ſo divine as theſe
Engage the attentive ear.

II.

Baptis'd into your Saviour's death
Your ſouls to ſin muſt die,
With Chriſt your Lord ye live anew,
With Chriſt aſcend on high.

III.

There by his Father's ſide he ſits
Enthron'd divinely fair,
Yet owns himſelf your brother ſtill,
And your forerunner there.

IV.

Riſe from theſe earthly trifles, riſe
On wings of faith and love,
Your choiceſt, brighteſt treaſure lies,
And be your hearts, above.

HYMN CCXLIX.

Rejoicing in our Covenant with God.

I.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
Thro' our Emanuel diſplay'd,
How bright thy beaming glories ſhine!
How wide thy healing ſtreams are ſpread;

II.

The dictates of thy ſovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo all we are to thee we give.

III.

Still on thee, Father, may we reſt,
Still follow on thy Son to know,
Thy Spirit breath into our breaſt,
Fountain of peace and joy below.

IV

Still, Lord, thy ſaving health diſplay,
And arm our ſouls with heavenly zeal,
So fearleſs ſhall we urge our way,
Thro' all the powers of earth and hell.

V.

To thy ſure love, thy tender care
Our fleſh, our ſpirits we reſign,
O fix thy ſacred preſence there,
And make the abode for ever thine.

HYMN CCL.

The Calling of the Gentiles.

I.

GLORY to God, whoſe ſovereign grace
Hath animated ſenſeleſs ſtones,
Call'd us to ſtand before his face,
And rais'd us into Abraham's ſons,

II.

The people who in darkneſs lay,
In ſin and error's deadly ſhade,
Have ſeen a glorious goſpel day
Thro' thine eternal grace diſplay'd.

III.

Thou only, Lord, the work haſt done,
And bar'd thine arm in all our ſight,
Haſt made the Gentile lands thine own,
And claim'd the outcaſts as thy right.

IV.

Thy gracious arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great ſalvation brought,
Thy word, thy all-creating word
Which ſpake at firſt the world from nought.

V.

For this, no longer ſons of night,
To thee our thankful hearts we give,
To thee who call'd us into light;
Still may we to thy glory live.

VI.

On all the earth thy ſpirit ſhow'r,
The earth in righteouſneſs renew;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
And to thy ſceptre all ſubdue.

HYMN CCLI.

Children devoted to God.

I.

ETERNAL God our wond'ring ſouls
Adore thy matchleſs grace,
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell
Amidſt the human race.

II.

How large thy promiſe, how divine,
To Abram and his ſeed.
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

III.

The words of this extenſive love
From age to age endure;
Succeeding ages ſtill have found
The promis'd bleſſing ſure.

IV.

With humble confidence would we
The promiſe, Lord, embrace;
To thee our infant offspring bring,
And claim the promis'd grace.

V.

We bring them now, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourſelves are thine,
Thine may our children be.

VI.

O may they ever prize and keep
The cov'nant of thy grace,
Nor let the years of diſtant life
Its memory efface.

VII.

Thus to the parents and their ſeed
Shall thy ſalvation come;
And num'rous houſholds meet at laſt
In one eternal home.

HYMN CCLII.

The Promiſe is unto you and your Children.

Acts ii. 29.

I.

LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes, delighted, trace,
Thy love, in long ſucceſſion ſhewn,
To Sion's choſen race;
Our children doſt thou claim,
And mark them out for thine!
Ten thouſand bleſſings to thy name
For goodneſs ſo divine.

II.

Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the ſons adore;
Join'd to the Lord in ſolemn vows,
To be forgot no more;
Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bleſs the happy bands,
Which cloſer ſtill engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

III.

How great thy mercies Lord,
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promiſe of thy love,
Includes each riſing race;
Our offspring, ſtill thy care,
Shall own their fathers God,
To lateſt time thy bleſſing ſhare,
And ſound thy praiſe abroad.

IV.

But weak our nobleſt praiſe,
For favours ſuch as thine,
O how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim the love divine;
We wonder and adore,
And to exalt ſuch grace,
We long to learn the ſongs of heaven
Before we reach the place.

HYMN CCLIII.

God the dwelling place of his people thro' all generations.

Pſalm xc. 1.

I.

THOU, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing ſcene,
Haſt to thy flock a refuge been,
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God,
Their pleaſing home, their ſafe abode.

II.

In thee our fathers ſought their reſt,
In thee our fathers now are bleſt;
Lo we are riſen, a tranſient race,
A while to fill our fathers place.

III.

While travelling thro life's varied road,
We lean upon our father's God;
On thee our ſtedfaſt hopes recline,
Nor own, nor aſk a help but thine.

IV.

To thee our infant race we give,
Them may their father's God receive;
By ſweet experience let them prove
Thy mercy, thine unchanging love.

V.

Thus voices yet unform'd ſhall raiſe
A grateful tribute to thy praiſe;
Our children learn the joyful ſong,
And theirs the chearful notes prolong.

VI.

Thou Saviour of the human race,
Thou fountain of exhauſtleſs grace;
Thy mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

VII.

So ſhall thy love, in ſtrains ſublime,
Be ſung to the laſt hour of time;
Then ſhall eternity confeſs,
Thro' all its rounds the matchleſs grace.

HYMN CCLIV.

Children inſtructed in the Knowledge of God.

Pſalm lxxviii. 4.

I.

LET Children learn the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we ſaw,
And which our fathers told.

II.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace,
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' every riſing race.

III.

Our lips ſhall tell them to our ſons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

IV.

Thus ſhall they learn in God alone
Their hope ſecurely ſtands,
That they may ſtill record his works,
And practiſe his commands.

HYMN CCLV.

Family Devotion.

Gen. xviij. 19.

I.

FATHER of all, thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our families with peace,
From thee they ſpring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are ſtill ſuſtain'd.

II.

To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd,
Who, Lord of heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints in their obſcureſt cell.

III.

To thee may each united houſe
With joy preſent its grateful vows,
Our ſervants there, and riſing race
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

IV.

O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name,
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join thy family above.

HYMN CCLVI

For an Ordination.

Pſalm cxxxii. 17.

I.

THE God of *Iſrael* choſe the hill
Of *Sion* for his antient reſt,
And *Sion* is his dwelling ſtill,
His church is with his preſence bleſt.

II.

Here will I fix my gracious throne
And reign for ever ſaith, the Lord,
Here ſhall my power and grace be known,
And bleſſings ſtill attend my word.

III.

Here will I meet my humble poor,
And fill their ſouls with living bread;
Sinners, who wait before my door,
With rich proviſion ſhall be fed.

IV.

Girded with truth, and cloath'd with grace
My prieſts, my miniſters ſhall ſhine;
Nor *Aaron* in his coſtly robes
Made an appearance ſo divine.

V.

The ſaints, unable to contain
Their inward joy, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
The God of mercy here ſhall reign,
And *Sion* triumph in her King.

HYMN CCLVII.

For an Ordination.

Dan. xii. 3.

I.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Reſplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the bliſsful proſpect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

II.

There ſhall the fav'rites of the Lord
With never-fading luſtre ſhine;
Surprizing honour! vaſt reward
Confer'd on man by love divine!

III.

How bleſt are thoſe, how truly wiſe,
Who learn and keep the ſacred road!
Happy the men whom heav'n employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God!

IV.

To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtleſs roves;
And that bleſt righteouſneſs diſplay,
Which Jeſus taught, and God approves.

V.

The ſhining firmament ſhall fade,
And ſparkling ſtars reſign their light;
But theſe ſhall know nor change nor ſhade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

VI.

On wings of faith and ſtrong deſire,
O may our ſpirits daily riſe;
And reach at laſt the ſhining choir,
In the bright manſions of the ſkies.

HYMN CCLVIII.

For an Ordination.

Dodd. № 166.

I.

GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace, which builds thy courts below;
And thro' ten thouſand ſons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

II.

Amidſt the waſtes of time and death
Succeſſive paſtors doſt thou raiſe,
Thy charge to keep, thy houſe to guide,
And form a people for thy praiſe.

III.

At length, diſmiſs'd from feeble clay,
Thy ſervants join th' angelic band,
With them thro' diſtant worlds they fly,
With them before thy preſence ſtand.

IV.

O bleſt employ! O glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When ſhall we reach theſe radiant courts,
And all their joys and honour ſhare?

V.

Yet while theſe labours we purſue,
Thus diſtant from the heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like their's,
And half their heav'n ſhall here be known.

HYMN CCLIX.

For an Ordination.

Matt. ix. 38.

I.

LORD of the harveſt hear
Thy humble people's cry,
Anſwer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants ſupply.

II.

On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harveſt truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few,

III.

Convert and ſend forth more
To ſound thy truth abroad,
And let them ſpeak thy word of power
As workers with their God.

IV.

Give the pure goſpel word
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
Friend of the human race.

V.

O let them ſpread thy name,
Their miſſion fully prove,
Thy univerſal grace proclaim,
Thine all redeeming love.

HYMN CCLX.

The Bleſſing of a Goſpel Miniſtry.

I.

WHAT God appoints let men revere,
The friend of ſouls be ever dear,
And Jeſus firſt who came to ſave,
And to his church her paſtors gave.

II.

While theſe declare the written word,
And prove their doctrine from the Lord,
To him in them reſpect we'll pay,
And bleſs the doctrines they convey.

III.

Let them inſtruct, we would be wiſe,
Their juſt reproofs we'll not deſpiſe,
But meet with love their faithful cares,
And join with them our fervent prayers.

IV.

May peace from heav'n upon them reſt,
And be their labours greatly bleſt
To ſave from ſin, ſad hearts relieve,
And may they ſhare the joys they give.

HYMN CCLXI.

The Goſpel-treaſure in earthen Veſſels.

2. Cor. iv. 7.

Boddr. N. 275.

I.

HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours how divine!
The bleſſings which thy goſpel brings
How ſplendidly they ſhine!

II.

Gold is but droſs, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean when ſet againſt thoſe joys
Thy pooreſt ſervants ſhare!

III.

Yet all theſe treaſures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,
And the weak ſons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

IV.

Feebly they liſp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the vict'ry gives;
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet ſtill thy goſpel lives.

V.

Such wonders pow'r divine effects,
Such trophies God can raiſe;
His hand from crumbling duſt erects
Long monuments of praiſe.

HYMN CCLXII.

On opening a new Place of Worſhip.

I.

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bleſs,
Which guards our ſynagogues in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worſhippers with dread.

II.

Theſe walls we to thy honour raiſe,
Long may they echo to thy praiſe;
And, thou deſcending, fill the place
With choiceſt tokens of thy grace.

III.

Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces in his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

IV.

And in the great deciſive day,
When God the nations ſhall ſurvey,
May it before the world appear
That crouds were born to glory here.

HYMN CCLXIII.

Goſpel Worſhip and Order.

Pſalm xlviii. 11.

I.

WHERE'ER thy name is known,
The world declares thy praiſe;
Thy ſaints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their ſongs of honour raiſe.

II.

With joy let Judah ſtand
On Sion's choſen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counſels of thy will.

III.

Let ſtrangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compaſs and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well.

IV.

The orders of thy houſe,
The worſhip of thy court,
The cheerful ſongs, the ſolemn vows,
And make a fair report.

V.

How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp which charms the eyes,
Or rites adorn'd with gold.

VI.

The God we worſhip now,
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the ſky.

HYMN. CCLXIV.

At the Eſtabliſhment of a religious Society.

Pſalm cxxxii. 15.

I.

THE Lord in *Sion* plac'd his throne,
The ark was ſettled there;
To *Sion* the whole nation came
To worſhip once a year.

II.

But we have no ſuch lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad,
Where'er the ſaints aſſemble now,
There is a houſe for God.

III.

Ariſe, O King of grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt,
Lo, thy church waits with lifted eyes
Thus to be own'd and bleſs'd.

IV.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy ſpirit and thy word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no ſuch grace afford.

V.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread,
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

HYMN CCLXV.

Come unto me all ye Ends of the Earth and be ſaved.

Iſaiah xlv. 22.

I.

THOU God of univerſal grace!
To thee our thankful hearts we raiſe,
And bleſs the call divine;
Behold thy waiting ſervants, Lord,
Be it according to thy word,
And keep us ever thine.

II.

Lord, that we may in thee abide,
With us continually reſide,
And make thy mercies known;
A people for thyſelf prepare,
And keep our hearts by reigning there,
And ſeal us for thine own.

III.

Then faith, and joy, and hope, and love,
Increaſing in our ſouls ſhall prove
That we are ſurely thine;
While the bleſt fruits of righteouſneſs
And ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace
Atteſt the work divine.

IV.

Supply what ev'ry member wants
To found the fellowſhip of ſaints,
  Our ev'ry want ſupply,
O may we all thy love receive
Together to thy glory live;
  And to thy glory die.

HYMN CCLXVI.

Chriſtian Fellowſhip.

I.

ABBA, Father, God of love,
  Send thy bleſſing from above,
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart;
Kindly comfort all who mourn,
Into joy their ſorrows turn;

II.

Joy which none can take away,
Joy which ſhall for ever ſtay;
All thy kingdom from above,
All the happineſs of love;
Be it to thy ſervants given,
Pardon, holineſs and heaven.

III.

Glorious in thy ſaints appear,
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Faith and love and joy increaſe,
Temperance and gentleneſs;
Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;

IV.

Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee;
Make us all in thee compleat,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light.

V.

Let us, in our ſpirits prove,
All the depths of humble love;
Let us in our lives expreſs,
All the heights of holineſs;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

VI.

When the glorious race is run,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN CCLXVII.

A Funeral Hymn.

Pſalm. xlvi. 10.

I.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
Which blaſts our joys in death,
Changes the viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back the breath.

II.

'Tis he, the Potentate ſupreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whoſe ſteady counſels wiſely rule,
Nor from their purpoſe move.

III.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours lent us now
To be repay'd anon.

IV.

The God who lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them to the grave,
He gives, and bleſſed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

V.

Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiſs the ſcourging hand,
And yield our comforts, and our lives
To thy ſupreme command.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

A Funeral Hymn.

I.

THE God of love will ſure indulge
The flowing tear the heaving ſigh,
When righteous perſons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

II.

Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning paſſions blend;
Nor ſhould our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty ever living friend.

III.

Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble fleſh and heart may fail;
Yet ſhall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

IV.

Parent and huſband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we caſt our every care,
And comfort ſeek from thee alone.

V.

Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our Friend;
And on thy gracious love and truth,
Our ſinking ſouls ſhall ſtill depend.

HYMN CCLXIX.

A Funeral Hymn.

I.

MUST friends and kindred droop and die?
Muſt helpers be withdrawn?
While ſorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

II.

Be thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road
Till all our tryals end.

III.

O may our feet purſue the way
Our pious fathers led,
While love and holy zeal obey
The counſels of the dead.

IV.

Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief diſpel;
Death will invite our ſouls to go,
Where our beſt kindred dwell.

HYMN CCLXX.

Miss Steel. *A Funeral Hymn.*

See Theodosia's Poems. I.

WHile to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains,
How all the tender paſſions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

II.

But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave theſe ſeats of pain,
And upward learn to riſe.

III.

Hope chearful ſmiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray;
And guides us from the darkſome tomb,
To realms of endleſs day.

IV.

To thoſe bright courts, when hope aſcends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our abſent happy friends,
And calms the ſwelling woe.

V.

Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But laſting happineſs explore,
And aſk it from the ſkies.

HYMN CCLXXI.

On the Death of a young Perſon.

Miss Steel.

I.

WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By Death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity muſt demand.

II.

While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſt
With awful power,—I too muſt die,—
Sink deep in every breaſt.

III.

Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour,
To-morrow death may come.

IV.

The voice of this alarming ſcene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

HYMN CCLXXII.

On the Death of a Miniſter.

Joſ. i. 2, 4, 3.

Dodd. N°. 17.

I.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry,
Why ſhould thoſe eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

II.

What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own houſe invade?
What tho' the prophet and the prieſt
Be number'd with the dead?

III.

Tho' earthly ſhepherds dwell in duſt,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkneſs clos'd,
And mute the inſtructive tongue;

IV.

Th' eternal ſhepherd ſtill ſurvives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye ſtill guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

V.

"Lo, I am with you," ſaith the Lord,
"My church ſhall ſafe abide;
"For I will ne'er forſake my own,
"Whoſe ſouls in me confide."

VI.

Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life and death,
  This promiſe is our truſt;
And this ſhall be our children's ſong,
  When we are cold in duſt.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

On the Death of Miniſters or Elders.

Numb. xxvii. 6, 7.

I.

FATHER of ſpirits, from thy hand
  Our ſouls immortal came;
And ſtill thine energy divine
  Supports the ethereal flame.

II.

By thee our ſpirits all are known;
  And each remoteſt thought
Lies wide expanded to his eye,
  By whom their pow'rs were wrought.

III.

To thee when mortal comforts fail,
  Thy flock deſerted flies;
And on th' eternal ſhepherd's care,
  Our chearful hope relies.

IV.

When o'er thy faithful ſervant's duſt
  Thy dear aſſemblies mourn,
In ſpeedy tokens of thy grace,
  O *Iſrael*'s God, return.

V.

The pow'rs of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up
Thro' ev'ry riſing race.

VI.

Exert thy ſacred influence here,
And here thy ſuppliants bleſs,
And change, to ſtrains of chearful praiſe,
Their accents of diſtreſs.

VII.

With faithful heart, with ſkilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed;
And with a ſteady growing pace,
To Sion's mountain led.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

For a Day of publick Humiliation.

National Sin lamented.

I.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend,
'Tis on thy ſovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

II.

Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But we will not deſpair;
Still open is thy mercy ſeat
To penitence and prayer.

III.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
  Thy dreadful power diſplay,
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
  And yet we live to pray.

IV.

Amidſt the cry of ſins like ours,
  Incline thy gracious ear,
And thy own children's feeble cry,
  With ſoft compaſſion hear.

V.

O let thy powerful grace appear,
  And juſtice ſheath her ſword,
And may a reſcu'd nation fear,
  And love and praiſe the Lord.

HYMN CCLXXV.

For a Time of public Calamity.

I.

WHILE juſtice waves her vengeful hand
  Tremendous o'er a guilty land;
Almighty God, thine awful power,
With fear and trembling we adore.

II.

Where ſhall we fly but to thy feet,
Our only refuge is thy ſeat,
Thy ſeat where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

III.

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
Tho' loud our crimes for vengeance cry;
Let mercy's gentler voice prevail,
Nor thy long-ſuffering goodneſs fail.

IV.

While peace and plenty bleſs'd our days,
Where was the tribute of thy praiſe;
Ungrateful race, how have we ſpent
The bleſſings which thy goodneſs lent.

V.

Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge the land from all its crimes,
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine
Let princes, prieſts, and people ſhine.

VI.

By chaſt'ning if our ſouls be taught,
And cleans'd from ev'ry ſecret fault,
The wiſe ſeverity we'll bleſs,
And change our ſighs to ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

In Time of War.

I.

GREAT God of hoſts, attend our prayer
And make the Britiſh Iſles thy care,
To thee we raiſe our ſuppliant cries
When angry nations round us riſe.

II.

But midſt the thunder of their rage
We thy protection would engage;
O raiſe thy ſaving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

III.

No arm of fleſh we make our truſt,
Nor ſword, nor horſe, nor ſhip we boaſt;
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and ſkill are vain.

IV.

May Britain, as one man, be led
To make the Lord her fear and dread;
Our ſouls no other fear ſhall know,
Tho' earth were leagu'd with hell below.

V.

Our hopes on man repos'd in vain,
O let thy ſtrength, great God ſuſtain;
Thus arm'd, each adverſe power we dare
And dauntleſs meet the ruſhing war.

VI.

Our arms, O God of armies, bleſs,
Thy hand alone can give ſucceſs,
And make our haughty neighbours own
That Heaven protects the Britiſh throne.

Prevent the ruin by thy grace,
And melt our hearts to ſeek thy face;
Bleſt fruit of thy correcting rod
To loſe our beaſts, and find our God,

HYMN CCLXXIX.

On Occaſion of a dreadful Fire.

I.

THOU righteous God, our humbled ſouls
Before thy preſence bow;
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou!

II.

Fan'd by thy breath, whole ſheets of flame
Do like a deluge pour;
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies moulder'd in an hour.

III.

Led on by thee in horrid pomp,
Deſtruction rears its head;
And blacken'd walls, and ſmoaking heaps,
Thro' all the ſtreet are ſpread.

IV.

Lord, in the duſt we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous ire;
Yet bleſs the hand of guardian love,
That ſnatch'd us from the fire.

V.

O that the hateful dregs of ſin
  Like droſs had periſh'd there,
That in fair lines our purged ſouls
  Might thy bright image bear.

VI.

So might we view with dauntleſs eyes
  The laſt tremendous day,
When earth and ſeas, and ſtars and ſkies,
  In flames ſhall melt away.

HYMN CCLXXX.

For the Morning of Chriſtmas Day.

I.

ARISE, and hail the happy day
  Caſt all low cares of life away,
  And thought of meaner things;
This day to cure our deadly woes
The ſun of righteouſneſs aroſe,
  With healing in his wings.

II.

If angels on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born
  Pour'd forth their joyful ſongs;
Much more ſhould we of human race
With triumph ſing the heavenly grace
  To whom that grace belongs.

III.

O then let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice
To hymn the happy day;
When Satan's empire vanquiſh'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell
Confeſs'd his ſov'reign ſway.

HYMN CCLXXXI.

The Birth of Chriſt proclaim'd by Angels.

Luke. ii. 9-14.

I.

HARK what celeſtial ſounds,
What muſic fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It ſtrikes the raviſh'd ear,
Now all is ſtill,
Now wild it floats
In tuneful notes,
Loud, ſweet, and ſhrill.

II.

The angelic hoſts deſcend,
To tune their ſongs divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join.
"Fear not, (ſay they)
"Great joy we bring;
"Jeſus, your King
"Is born to day.

III.

" What boundleſs love to man!
" How highly bleſt your race!
" To effect the gracious plan
" Of your eternal peace;
" This glorious morn,
" (Let all attend!)
" Your matchleſs friend,
" Your Saviour's born.

IV.

" He comes your ſouls to ſave
" From death's eternal gloom;
" To joys beyond the grave
" He lifts you from the tomb.
" Your voices raiſe,
" With ſons of light,
" Your ſongs unite,
" Of endleſs praiſe.

V.

" Glory to God on high!
" Ye mortals ſpread the ſound,
" And let your raptures fly
" To earth's remoteſt bound!
" Lo peace on earth,
" Good will to men,
" We now proclaim
" At Jeſu's birth.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

The Birth of Chriſt.

Luke ii.

I.

BEHOLD the grace appears;
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin bears,
And *Jeſus* is the child.

II.

To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

III.

"Go humble ſwains," ſaid he,
"To *David's* city fly;
"The promis'd infant born to day,
"Doth in a manger lie.

IV.

"With looks and hearts ſerene,
"Go viſit Chriſt your King;"
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen,
The ſhepherds heard them ſing:

V.

"Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth!
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth."

VI.

In anthems ſo divine,
Let all employ their tongues;
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs:

VII.

" Glory to God on high,
" And heav'nly peace on earth,
" Good will to men, to angels joy,
" At the Redeemer's birth.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

The Miſſion of Chriſt.

I.

HARK the glad ſound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a ſong!

II.

On him the Spirit largely ſhed,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

III.

He comes, the pris'ners to relieve
In ſatan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

IV.

He comes, from thickeſt clouds of vice,
To clear the darken'd mind;
And from on high, a ſaving light
To pour upon the blind.

V.

He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding ſouls to cure;
And, with the treaſures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

Chriſt the Meſſenger of Peace.

I.

RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial grace hath done.

II.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our ſinful race
From their abyſs of woes.

III.

Now ſinners dry your tears;
Let hopeleſs ſorrow ceaſe,
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

IV.

Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation Chriſt hath brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

The Character and Office of the Meſſiah.

Isaiah ix. 6, 7.

I.

BLEST news, "to us a child is born
"To us a ſon is given,
"Emanuel, pledge of God with us,"
The choiceſt gift of heaven.

II.

With tranſport view the wond'rous child,
Of pureſt virgin born
With grateful joy the titles ſing,
Which his great name adorn.

III.

The brighteſt rays of heavenly truth,
From him reflected ſhine;
The Father's wiſdom dwells in him,
"Our Counſellor divine."

IV.

To univerſal empire born,
The charge he well ſuſtains.
Ye ſaints rejoice, "the mighty Lord,"
Your King, Meſſiah, reigns.

V.

"Lord of the future glorious age,"
By heaven's unchang'd decree;
Gentiles and Jews ſhall own his ſway,
And to him bow the knee.

VI.

"The Prince of Peace," divinely ſent
With meſſages of love;
O may the grace attract our hearts,
And fix our thoughts above.

VII.

Bleſt news, "to us a child is born,
"To us a ſon is given,"
Who heavenly peace proclaims on earth,
And points the road to heaven.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

For Eaſter Sunday.

I.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unſeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increaſing day.

II.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a ſun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

III.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hoſannas ſung;
Let gladneſs dwell in every heart,
And praiſe on every tongue.

IV.

Ten thouſand differing lips ſhall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

Chriſt's Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.

I.

HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes;
Chriſt, a while to mortals given,
Now aſcends the higheſt heaven.

II.

There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, ye eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
Take the exalted Jeſus in.

III.

Him the higheſt heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' exalted to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

IV.

See he lifts his hands above,
See he ſhews the prints of love;
Hark his gracious lips beſtow
Bleſſings on his church below.

V.

Still for us he interceeds,
Prevalent for us he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

VI.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
There we ſhall with him remain,
Partners of his endleſs reign.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

I.

REJOICE the Saviour reigns,
He ſits enthron'd above;
Exalted be our ſtrains,
To celebrate his love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints rejoice.

II.

How great the rich reward,
From God the King of heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the ſaviour given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints rejoice.

III.

He ſits at God's right hand,
'Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voiee,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints rejoice.

IV.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jeſus, the judge, ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home;
We ſoon ſhall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God ſhall ſouud rejoice.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

For Whitſunday.

The Miſſion of the Holy Spirit. Acts ii.

I.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When Chriſt's belov'd diſciples met;
When on their heads the ſpirit came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame.

II.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to ſave;
Furniſh'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Inſtead of ſhields, and ſpears, and ſwords.

III.

Thus arm'd, he ſent the champions forth,
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north;
Bold to aſſert their Saviour's cauſe,
And ſpread the doctrine of the croſs.

IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdued;
And willing captives to their Lord,
Diſplay the triumphs of his word.

V.

Still wider may its influence ſpread,
Till all ſhall own our glorious head;
And thankful, to their wond'ring eyes
Behold the near ſalvation riſe.

HYMN CCXC.

The Gathering of the Nations.

Iſaiah lxvi. 18.

I.

FATHER of boundleſs grace,
Thou haſt, in part, fulfill'd
Thy promiſe made to Adam's race,
By antient ſeers reveal'd;
A few from ev'ry land
At firſt to Salem came,
And ſaw the wonders of thy hand,
And ſaw the tongues of flame.

II.

From thence thy heralds ran,
To earth's remoteſt bounds,
And made thy glorious mercy known,
And ſpread the joyful ſound;
They call'd the liſt'ning throng,
To know their ſins forgiven,
And brought them in from ev'ry tongue,
And nation under heaven.

III.

Yet ſtill we wait the end
The coming of our Lord;
The full accompliſhment attend
Of the prophetic word;
The promiſe ſtill remains
In unexhauſted grace,
And new diſcover'd worlds ariſe,
To ſing their Saviour's praiſe.

IV.

Still ſend thy ſervants forth
To call the nations home,
From eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
Let all the wanderers come;
Where'er in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain;
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

V.

Now for thy promiſe ſake
O'er Earth exalted be,
Thy kingdom, power and glory take,
For all belong to thee;
To every human ſoul,
Thy full ſalvation bring,
The univerſal monarch reign,
The ſaints eternal King.

HYMN CCXCI.

The Divine Power and Energy.

I.

AUTHOR of every work divine,
Who doſt thro' both creations ſhine,
The God of nature and of grace,
Thy glorious ſteps in all we ſee,
And wiſdom attribute to thee,
And power, and majeſty, and praiſe.

II.

Thou didſt thy mighty wings out-ſpread,
And brooding o'er the chaos, ſhed
Thy life into the dark abyſs,
The vital principle infuſe,
And by thy ſovereign pow'r produce
The earth and heaven, and all that is.

III.

That all-informing breath thou art
Who doſt continued life impart,
And bidſt the world perſiſt to be,
Garniſh'd by thee yon azure ſky;
And all thoſe beauteous orbs on high
Depend in golden chains from thee.

IV.

Thou doſt create the earth anew,
Its maker and preſerver too,
By thine almighty arm ſuſtain;
Nature perceives thy ſecret force,
And ſtill holds on her even courſe,
And owns thy providential reign.

V.

Thou art the univerſal Soul,
The plaſtick power that fills the whole,
And governs earth, air, ſea, and ſky,
The creatures all thy breath receive,
And who by thy inſpiring live,
Without thy inſpiration die.

VI.

Spirit immenſe, eternal mind,
Thou on the ſouls of all mankind
Doſt with benigneſt influence move,
Pleas'd to reſtore a ſinful race,
And new create a world of grace
In all the image of thy love.

VII.

O haſten, Lord, the glorious day,
When all ſhall know thy righteous ſway,
Thy truth to all the nations giv'n;
The purpoſe of thy grace fulfill;
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will,
Be done in earth as 'tis in heaven.

HYMN CCXCII.

The Divine Influence implor'd.

I.

FATHER of everlaſting love,
Take to thyſelf thy mighty power;
Let all earth's ſons thy mercies prove,
Let all thy wond'rous grace adore.

II.

The triumphs of thy love diſplay,
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confeſs thy ſway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

III.

The God of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thine healing influence ſhower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.

IV.

Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's hoſt ſhall ſwifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.

V.

Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a freſh ſupply,
Thou cloath'ſt the lillies of the field,
And heareſt the young ravens cry.

VI.

On thee we caſt our care; we live
Thro' thee, who know'ſt our ev'ry need,
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our ſouls, this day, the living bread.

HYMN CCXCIII.

God the Guide and Support of his People.

I.

LEADER of faithful ſouls, and guide
Of all who travel to the ſky,
Come and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our ſpirit ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

II.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
And haſten thro' the vale of woe;
And reſtleſs to behold thy face
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

III.

We've no abiding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight:
Whither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the realms of light,
Jeruſalem the ſaint's abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

IV.

Ev'n now we taſte the pleaſures there,
A cloud of ſpicy odours comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than Araby's perfumes;
From Sion's top the breezes blow,
And chear us in the vale below.

V.

Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd;
The church of the firſt born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
Crown'd with thy mercy we rejoice,
And in thy praiſe exalt our voice.

HYMN CCXCIV.

God is Light

1 John i. 5.

I.

FOUNTAIN of uncreated light,
Thou giver of the mental ſight,
Thy beams on all are ſhed;
Thy grace on all mankind beſtow'd
Still points each ſeeking ſoul the road
To happineſs and God.

II.

'Lighten'd by thine interior ray
Thee ev'ry child of Adam may
His unknown God explore,
And following cloſe thy ſecret grace,
Emerge into that glorious place
Where darkneſs is no more.

III.

The univerſal light thou art,
And turn'd to thee the darkeſt heart
A glimmering ſpark may find;
Let man reject it or embrace,
Thou offereſt thy ſaving grace
To us and all mankind.

Light of our ſoul, we follow thee
In humble faith on earth to ſee
  Thy perfect day of love,
And then with all thy ſaints in light
To gain the beatific ſight
  Which makes their heaven above.

HYMN CCXCV.

For New-Year's Day.

I.

GOD of our life, thy conſtant care
With bleſſings crowns each riſing year;
This feeble life thou doſt prolong,
And wake anew our annual ſong.

II.

How many precious ſouls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing ſun
Through his laſt yearly period run?

III.

We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
He ſhall retain his vital breath;
Thus far, at leaſt, in league with death?

IV.

That breath is thine, eternal God,
'Tis thine to fix the ſoul's abode;
We hold our life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

V.

To thee our ſpirits we reſign,
O make, and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they ſmile ſecure from fear,
Though death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

VI.

Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that happy ſhore
Where ſin and death are known no more.

HYMN CCXCVI.

For New-Year's Day.

I.

PERPETUAL ſource of light and grace
We hail thy ſacred name,
Thro' ev'ry year's revolving round
Thy goodneſs is the ſame.

II.

On us the children of thy care
It wond'rous mercy pours,
Sure as the heaven's eſtabliſh'd courſe,
And plenteous as the ſhow'rs.

III.

On us thy heav'nly light has ſhone,
We truſt thy truth and grace,
To bear our feeble footſteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

IV.

Arm'd with this energy divine
Our ſouls ſhall ſteadfaſt move,
And with increaſing tranſport preſs
On to thy courts above.

V.

So by thy pow'r the morning-ſun
Purſues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in its race,
And ſhines to perfect day.

HYMN CCXCVII.

For the Beginning of a new Year.

Dodd. N. 257.

I.

GREAT God, we ſing that mighty hand,
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand;
The opening year thy mercy ſhows
Thy mercy crowns it till it cloſe.

II.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By thine inceſſant bounty fed,
By thine unerring counſel led.

III.

With grateful hearts the paſt we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care ſubmit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

IV.

In ſcenes exalted, or depreſs'd
Thou art our joy, and thou our reſt,
Thy goodneſs all our hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

V.

When death ſhall interrupt theſe ſongs,
And ſeal in ſilence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we truſt,
In better worlds our ſouls ſhall boaſt.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

For the Beginning of a new Year.

I.

ETERNAL God, we bleſs thy name;
The ſame thy power, thy grace the ſame,
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and crown, and cloſe the year.

II.

We 'midſt ten thouſand dangers ſtand
Supported by thy guardian hand.
And ſee, when we ſurvey thy ways,
Ten thouſand monuments of praiſe.

III.

Thus far thine arm has led us on,
Thus far we make thy mercies known,
And while we tread this desart land,
New mercies shall our songs demand.

IV.

Our grateful songs on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear in thy bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN CCXCIX.

For the Beginning of a new Year.

I.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the master appear;
His acceptable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of faith, and the labour of love.

II.

Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

III.

O that each in the day
Of his coming may ſay,
I have fought my way thro'
I have finiſh'd the work thou did'ſt give me to do;
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and ſit down by my throne.

HYMN CCC.

For the End of the Year.

I.

SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe!
All praiſe to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs;
Whoſe providence has brought us thro'
Another various year;
Let us with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

II.

Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill-continued care;
To thee preſenting thro' thy ſon
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhew
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go,
To ſee thy face above.

III.

Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of heav'n.

HYMN CCCI.

God the Fountain of Life and Goodness.

I.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Thro' endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous love to all is shew'd,
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good,

II.

In heav'n thou reign'st enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread,
Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid;
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine,
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

III.

Thee ſovereign Lord, let all confeſs
  Who move in earth, or ſea, or ſky,
Revere thy power, thy goodneſs bleſs,
  Tremble before thy piercing eye.
All ye, who owe to him your birth,
  In praiſe your every hour employ,
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O Earth,
  And ſhout, ye morning ſtars for joy.

HYMN CCCII.

Thankſgiving for national Peace.

I.

NOW let our ſongs addreſs the God of peace,
  Who bids the tumult of the battle ceaſe,
The pointed ſpears to pruning crooks he bends,
  And the broad faulchion in the ploughſhare ends,
His powerful bands unite contending nations
In kind embrace, and friendly ſalutations.

II.

While we beneath our vines and fig-trees ſit,
  Or thus within thy ſacred temple meet,
Accept, great God, the tribute of our ſong,
  And all the mercies of this day prolong;
Then ſpread thy peaceful word thro' every nation,
That all the earth may hail thy great ſalvation.

HYMN. CCCIII.

Thankſgiving for Peace.

I.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and ſkies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can ſink the world, or bid it riſe;
Thy ſmile is life, thy frown is death.

II.

When angry nations ruſh to arms,
And rage and noiſe, and tumult reign,
And war reſounds its dire alarms,
And ſlaughter ſpreads the hoſtile plain;

III.

Thy ſovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their courſe, and bounds their pow'r,
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noiſe and war are heard no more.

IV.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace! with her what bleſſings fled,)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies ſing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

V.

Thou good, and wiſe, and righteous Lord,
All move ſubſervient to thy will;
And peace, and war, await thy word,
And thy ſublime decree fulfill.

VI.

To thee we pay our grateful ſongs,
Thy kind protection ſtill implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confeſs thy goodneſs and adore.

HYMN CCCIV.

Thanks for Protection from our Enemies.

I.

ON thee, great Ruler of the ſkies,
On thee our ſtedfaſt hope relies,
When hoſtile powers againſt us join
What aid ſo preſent, Lord, as thine.

II.

Salvation does to God belong,
His power and grace ſhall be our ſong;
Praiſe to the Lord, who bows his ear,
Propitious to his people's prayer.

III.

Tho' rous'd by diſcord's fierce alarms,
The headlong nations ruſh to arms;
He binds all nature to his will,
And bids the factious world be ſtill!

IV.

O may thy grace our land engage,
Preſerv'd from fierce tyrannic rage,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee our Saviour and our King.

Still be it our ſupreme delight,
To walk as in thine honour'd ſight,
And in thy precepts and thy fear,
To life's laſt hour to perſevere.

HYMN CCCV.

Thanks for National Protection.

Pſalm. lxvii.

I.

O Come, let us ſing to the Lord a new ſong,
And praiſe him to whom all our praiſes belong,
While we enter his temple with gladneſs and joy,
Let a pſalm of thankſgiving our voices employ;
O come to his name let us joyfully ſing.
For the Lord is a great and omnipotent King;
By his word were the heavens, and the hoſt of them [made,
And of the round world the foundation he laid.

II.

He ſtilleth the waves of the boiſterous ſea,
And the tumults of men, more outrageous than they;
Thy goodneſs, O Lord, let the people confeſs,
Whom wars do not waſte, nor proud tyrants oppreſs,
And devoutly contemplate thy wonderful ways,
Thou that turneſt the fierceneſs of men to thy praiſe,
Then our lands in due ſeaſon ſhall yield their increaſe,
And the Lord give his people the bleſſings of peace.

HYMN CCCVI.

Thanks for national Deliverance.

I.

AID us, celeſtial power,
While we aloud proclaim
The mercies of our God,
The glories of his name;
The angel choir begins the ſong,
And let the earth his praiſe prolong.

II.

We bleſs thy bounteous hand,
Whence all our comforts flow,
Thy providential ſway,
Which governs all below;
Thy mercies crown the circling years,
And every land thy goodneſs ſhares.

III.

Yet on Britannia's Iſle
Thy richeſt grace is ſhed,
While with the bread of life
Her favour'd ſons are fed;
Our glory thou, nor can we fear,
Since thou our help art ever near.

IV.

This day we celebrate
The wonders of thy hand,
Once, and again diſplay'd
To ſave this ſinking land;
When earth and hell in vain did rage,
For thou didſt guard thy heritage.

V.

Then let our grateful ſonls
A joyful tribute bring,
And with harmonious voice
Their great deliverer ſing;
Ye Britiſh ſhores his praiſe reſound
Till days and years ſhall ceaſe their round.

HYMN CCCVII.

Thanks for national Deliverance.
For the 5th of November.

I.

PRAISE to the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
So oft reveal'd, hath ſav'd our land;
And, when united nations roſe,
Hath ſham'd and ſcourg'd our haughtieſt foes.

II.

When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath diſpers'd them all with eaſe,
And ſunk their terrors in the ſeas. *

III.

While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep, a burning ſnare;
He ſhot from heav'n a piercing ray,
And the dark treach'ry brought to day. †

IV.

Princes and prieſts again combine
New chains to forge, new ſnares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their ſnares.

* Referring to the defeat of the Spaniſh Armada 1588.
† Gun-powder Plot.

V.

Obedient winds, at his command
Convey his Hero to our land;
The ſons of Rome with terror view,
And ſpeed their flight, when none purſue. §

VI.

Such great deliv'rance God hath wrought,
And down to us ſalvation brought;
And ſtill the care of guardian heav'n
Secures the bliſs itſelf hath giv'n.

VII.

In thee we truſt, Almighty Lord,
Continu'd reſcue to afford:
Still be thy pow'rful arm made bare,
For all thy ſervants hopes are there.

HYMN CCCVIII.

Power and Government from God.

Pſalm lxxv. 7.

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King William, and the happy Acceſſion of King George the firſt.

I.

TO thee moſt holy, and moſt high,
To thee we bring our thankful praiſe;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

§ Revolution by King William 1688.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a ſlave,
Her frame diſſolv'd; her fears were great;
When God a new ſupporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the ſtate.

III.

He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And ſwore to rule by wholeſome laws,
His foot ſhall tread the oppreſſor down,
His arm defend the righteous cauſe.

IV.

Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God who lays another low.

V.

No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne,
God, the great ſov'reign of the earth,
Will riſe, and make his juſtice known.

HYMN CCCIX

The Bleſſing of civil Government.

I.

ETERNAL Sov'reign Lord on high,
And Lord of all below!
We mortals to thy Majeſty
Our firſt obedience owe.

II.

Our ſouls adore thy pow'r ſupreme,
And bleſs thy providence
For magiſtrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

III.

Kingdoms on firm foundations ſtand,
While virtue finds reward,
And ſinners periſh from the land,
By juſtice and the ſword.

IV.

Where laws and liberties combine,
To make a people bleſt,
There crowns with brighteſt luſtre ſhine,
And kings are honour'd beſt.

V.

Let Cæſar's due be ever paid
To Cæſar and his throne,
But conſciences and ſouls were made
For thee, O God alone.

HYMN CCCX.

A general national Thankſgiving.

I.

SAY, ſhould we ſearch the globe around,
Can greater happineſs be found
Than dwells in Britain's favour'd Iſle?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom ſheds
Her choiceſt bleſſings on our heads,
And bids our bleakeſt mountains ſhine.

II.

Here commerce ſpreads the wealthy ſtore,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign ſhore;
Science and art their charms diſplay;
Religion teacheth us to raiſe
Our voices in our maker's praiſe,
As truth and conſcience point the way.

III.

Theſe are thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our matchleſs bleſſings ſpring,
The extended trade, the fruitful ſkies,
The raptures liberty beſtows,
The eternal joys the goſpel ſhows,
All from thy boundleſs goodneſs riſe.

IV.

With grateful hearts, with chearful tongues
To God we raiſe united ſongs,
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
Britons thro' every age ſhall own,
Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

V.

Long as the moon her courſe ſhall run,
Or man behold the circling ſun,
O ſtill may God in Britain reign;
Still crown her counſels with ſucceſs,
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